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Bed seems remarkably good. Hectic day yesterday. Golf in the morning at Stover. All round Dartmoor after lunch. A date for Cocktails before dinner Dancing to Harry Evans and his Band till . . . Heavens, I must hurry! Due for tennis in half an hour.

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The Sketch

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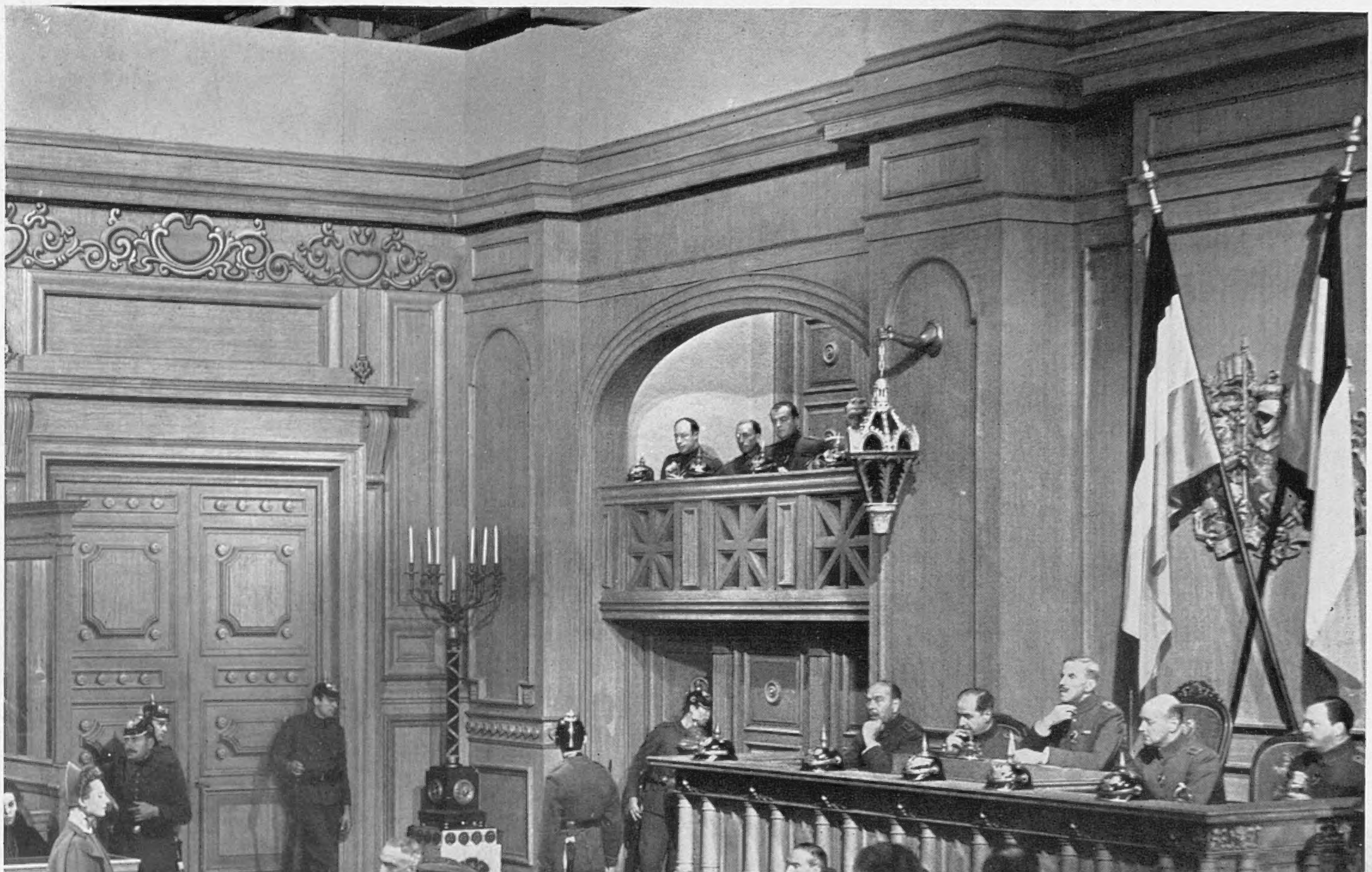

GERMAN CRIME OF 1915:
THE FILM "NURSE EDITH CAVELL."

ANNA NEAGLE *made her Hollywood début in* " NURSE EDITH CAVELL," *the picture reconstruction of the trial and execution of the heroic Nurse who had carried on a work of mercy by helping wounded and fugitive Allied soldiers and civilians to escape from behind the German lines. Our still shows Edith Cavell (centre) before the President of the Court* (GUSTAV VON SEYFFERTITZ). *The German Prosecutor* (OSCAR DEUTSCH) *is also to be seen. Other photographs of the film will be found in this issue.*

THE EDITOR OF "THE SKETCH" SENDS A MESSAGE TO HIS READERS

At the present time of grave issues, when it may seem as if the frivolous side of life is effectively 'blacked out' by the cruel necessities of war, it may be asked how "The Sketch," which, as everyone knows, has always dealt with the lighter side of things which included social activities, the entertainment of the Theatre and Cinema, all out-door sports, and, in fact, everything that made our lives bright and amusing, can now justify its existence.

And yet, to one who has been through the Great War of 1914, it is obvious that a journal such as "The Sketch" is more than ever necessary. I know from personal experience the eagerness with which it was awaited in trenches and in billets behind the line. It will be remembered by veterans of that war, which we all so fervently hoped would be the last armed conflict between civilised nations, how the walls of nearly every dug-out or mess were adorned by the frivolous little ladies which Kirschner pictured so admirably, and how the contents of the paper itself kept them in touch with the country which they loved so well and for which they longed so deeply.

I am aware that the present time cannot possibly be treated with the levity that was so characteristic of "The Sketch" in brighter days, but it will be our objective to present in its pages subjects that will not be of a depressing nature.

In these days when we have to spend our evenings in a dimly-lit room, without the chance of entertainment at the Theatre or Cinema, it is of very great importance that a publication which does not dwell too much upon the more unhappy side of things should be available. It will, therefore, be our chief object to relieve the gloom which must of necessity obsess the minds of many of us and I think that, even in these days when joy and most of these things in life which we found pleasant and desirable have departed from us, our readers will consider that in so doing we are playing no unworthy part.

Bruce S. Ingram

THE BRISTLEWOODS SEE IT THROUGH.

MR. BRISTLEWOOD: *"There's six feet of solid earth above your head."*
MRS. BRISTLEWOOD: *"That's just what it feels like!"*

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

STAND TO!

HOW well one still remembers that morning summons, though a quarter of a century has passed since it was last heard! It was no ceremonial reveille of the parade ground; it certainly was no "breezy call of incense-breathing morn," and those who tried to make it too breezy were not very popular. Stand to! The peremptory voice came mistily through one's dreams, and one came, from infinite distances, back to the consciousness of another day's trench duties begun. Up from the dug-out into the half-light, and that pre-dawn stillness which was never to be trusted, soothing and friendly though it seemed; and then one took one's place in the line of statuesque figures along the fire-step, watching silently—sometimes almost indifferently—while the light gradually grew and revealed that highly surrealistic landscape with which one was so familiar. Many a lovely dawn one has seen in those inappropriate circumstances, and often the grim accompaniments were unavailing to rob it of its beauty and even its hope. There was a great deal more hope and quiet acceptance than repining and complaint; for, more often than not, that dawn, when all seemed suspicion and vigilance, heralded a day when everything turned out to be quiet and normal, when men went about their business, and found pleasure in their jobs, and took the rough with the smooth, and "got on with it," and lived life heartily, just as if nothing but peace and goodwill surrounded them. It takes more than calculated Frightfulness can devise to abate the irrepressible vitality of man, or at all events, that species of man which is known to science as the Englishman.

We are all standing-to now, and although we are watching each dawn with caution, we accept without dismay the duties which each new day will bring. There is not one of us who has not his allotted task and who is not determined to carry it out to the utmost. As never before in any conflict in history, we all depend on each other, we all look to each other for strength and succour. There is no room for non-co-operators. Wars used to be masculine sports, in which men displayed their prowess to an admiring female audience; but now there is not a married couple in the land which will not be a *team*. There will be hard things to bear for husbands and wives, sweethearts and lovers; but if anything is going to make for the solidarity which we need, surely it is that sense of partnership and joint responsibility. I foresee and have long foreseen, certain inconveniences in this equality of the sexes, now carried into the martial sphere. I am afraid, for example, that there may be trouble in the Bristlewood ménage if Mrs. B. rises to the rank of Colonel while Mr. B. remains a mere Corporal — an event which, from what I know of the Bristlewoods, I think extremely likely to happen. However, even with this unfortunate disparity of rank, I am certain that Mr. and Mrs. B. are going to contribute jointly to the resources of their nation as they have never done before. The enemy is going to find that the embattled ranks of Bristlewoods up and down this land are tougher stuff and more seasoned troops than he ever imagined in his fevered dreams of conquest.

It is the Amazons who should strike terror to the heart of the foe. Speaking for myself, I regard a great many of them in this neighbourhood with respect bordering on alarm. There are so many of them trained in First Aid and V.A.D. work that when they look at me they give me an uncomfortable feeling of being a mere patient or specimen. As they cast a critical (though modest) glance over my unpretentious limbs, they seem to be saying: "That would make a nice leg for a splint!" More than one of them has imperiously insisted on trying complicated bandages all over me, and somehow it makes me feel small and worm-like to be man-handled by a woman in that way. If a ratepayer of this district so much as ricks his ankle in the street, every door in the neighbourhood flies open and hordes of women come rushing to the rescue with splints and triangular bandages, and there is grave danger that, before he knows where he is, the patient will find that his ricked ankle is a compound fracture. However, these indomitable troopers mean it all for the best, and far be it from me to criticise my sisters-in-arms (if they will not misunderstand the expression). For we are all brothers- and sisters-in-arms, and all members of the same regiment. In my opinion, a remarkably smart regiment, too, with the proud motto, justified on a hundred stricken fields throughout our history, "Nobody provokes us with impunity."

At the moment, I warn the Führer that I, for one, am more provoked than he can possibly imagine. I am scribbling these lines, in snatched intervals, in a dug-out. Certainly it is a dug-out more commodious and attractive than any I experienced when Hindenburg was Führer, and officially it is known as an Air Raid Post. Nevertheless, I have the sensation of being on duty in a front-line strong-point, and I resent it, as I thought I had done with dug-outs for the rest of my life. Apparently dug-outs haven't done with me. Well, well, there's nothing like reviving old associations. I shouldn't be surprised if at any moment somebody appeared with a tin of Maconachie. I almost begin to sniff that balmy Maconachie aroma already. I shall certainly institute inquiries at the earliest moment about the rum ration. Meanwhile, tea will do. Tea—the indispensable beverage! If your nerves show any signs of strain, accept the advice of an old toper, and take to drink—but let the drink be tea!

And now I seem to see some light stealing over the sky, and it's stand to. To our posts! Men, women and children of Britain, stand to and stand firm!

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION; OVER 30,000 ENTRIES.

"THE SKETCH" continues its offer of **TEN POUNDS** for "THE BEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH" selected for publication every week until further notice.

For other competitive photographs which the Editor considers worthy of publication, a sum of not less than £1 will be paid for the reproduction right. Our readers are invited to enter any of their specially good prints which come under the following headings: LANDSCAPES or SEASCAPES; NATURE STUDIES (animals of all kinds, birds, flowers, etc., etc.); HUMAN BEINGS (Figure Studies, grouped figures at play or sports, children, etc., etc.); CURIOUS or HUMOROUS SUBJECTS.

Natural-colour photographs are eligible for the Competition.

CONDITIONS

1. Every Competitor must be a *bona-fide* AMATEUR photographer.
2. The Competitor's name and address and the title of the photograph must be written in ink in BLOCK LETTERS on the back of each print (or on the mounts of Colour transparencies), together with the following information: Name of camera; make of film or plate; exposure details.
3. Photographs submitted must be the property of the entrant.
4. Photographs already published elsewhere are ineligible for this Competition.
5. Prints which may be unsuccessful in winning prizes may be returned to the sender if the appropriate postage is remitted, but no liability is accepted by the proprietors of "THE SKETCH" for loss or damage to prints.
6. A "Token" (on page 3 of Cover) clipped from this issue, must accompany all photographs submitted for competition. ONE "Token" is valid either for one photograph or for a set of photographs not exceeding twelve in number if submitted together.
7. Each winner of the prize of TEN POUNDS for "The Best Amateur Photograph of the Week" must send the original negative (or Colour transparency), which, with the copyright, will become the property of "THE SKETCH," and the payment of the prize-money shall be regarded as a copyright fee.

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Competition Photographs,
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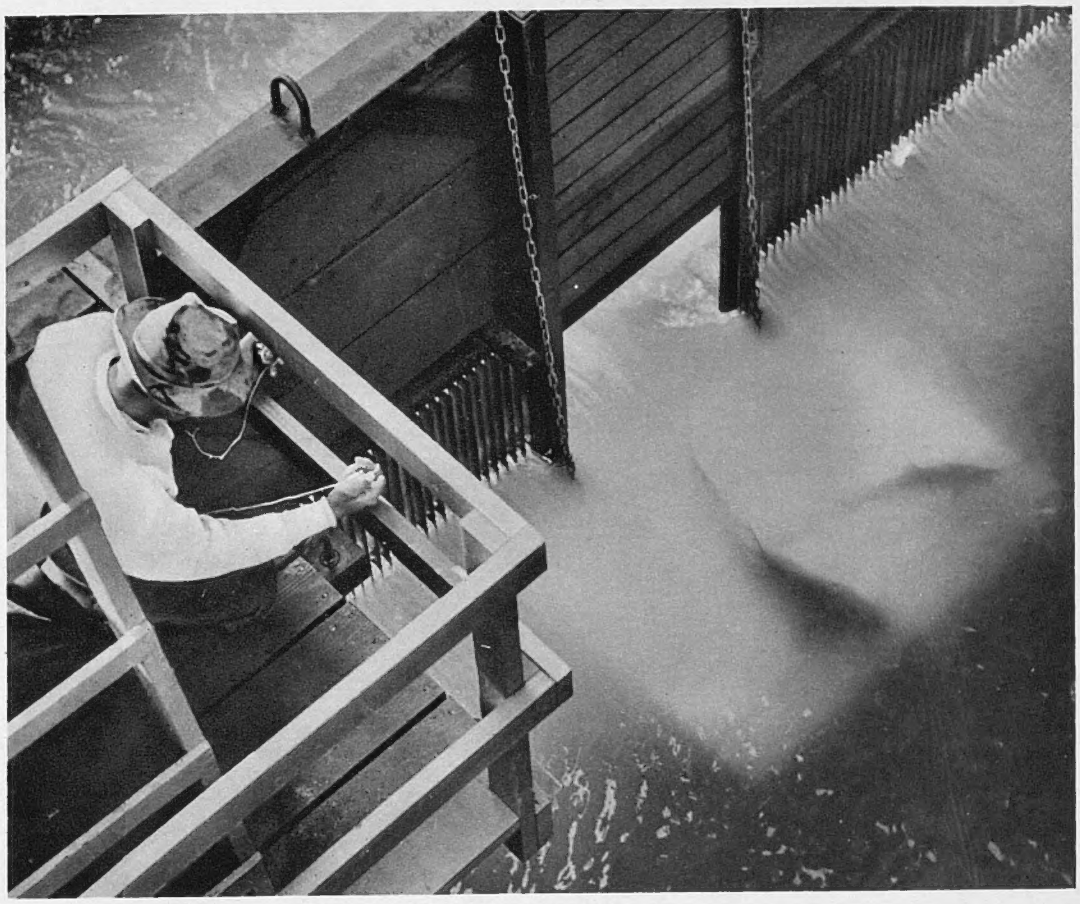
"CALM, FIRM AND UNITED IN THIS TIME OF TRIAL."

This photograph of THEIR MAJESTIES *the* KING *and* QUEEN *was taken at Buckingham Palace after the King had broadcast a message to his people on Sunday evening, September 3, the day of the declaration of war against Germany. It might be taken as a symbolic illustration of one of the closing sentences of his Majesty's speech. He urged us "to stand calm, firm and united in this time of trial"; and we all know that he and the Queen will give every one of his subjects an example of noble fortitude and devotion to duty.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

By far the most ambitious scheme for helping fish to surmount an otherwise impassable obstruction in a river has been thoroughly tested and has proved successful. Various accounts have been published of the working of the fishways on the Bonneville Dam, situated 100 miles up the Columbia River, but these are now superseded by the facts and figures of an official report of the Bureau of Fisheries, U.S. Department of Commerce, in the May-June issue of the *Progressive Fish Culturist.* This Report covers the first year of operation of the extraordinary series of fish-passes and locks, or elevators, designed in the main by Mr. H. B. Holmes, Associate Aquatic Biologist of the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries, at a cost of several millions of dollars. During this year, runs of various species of fish have passed the dam, and complete records have been kept at the counting stations of all species, except in the case of lampreys, which were able to squeeze through one-inch openings adjacent to the counting-gates. All the other fish had to pass through openings two feet wide, with submerged white platforms beneath to facilitate observation. The count for the year showed that over 400,000 chinook, blueback, silver and chum salmon used the fishways. In addition, over 100,000 trout, mainly sea-run steelheads, and a few thousands of shad and white-fish were recorded. The count revealed the interesting fact that the fishways were also used by over 400,000 "scrap fish"—including sucker, squaw-fish, chub and carp. Comparisons of the fluctuations of the count at different periods with the commercial catches above and below the dam, showed that fish ran the fishways readily, and were not held up by the obstruction for any appreciable time. The fish-locks or elevators were used only experimentally, but it was observed that they were far less popular with the fish than were the ladders.



Several million dollars were spent on providing lifts and ladders at BONNEVILLE DAM, *on the Columbia River, North America, to enable the salmon to surmount this 180-ft.-high obstacle. Our photograph was taken in April 1938, when officials were stationed at the ladder exits where white flash-boards under the water silhouetted any fish and enabled them to count the number which made the ascent of the dam. At first few passed, and doubts as to the success of the system were raised, but eventually they came up in full strength at an average rate of 1600 a day. It will be remembered that "The Illustrated London News," in its issue of July 9, 1938, published a series of photographs of Bonneville Dam.*

Trout-Fishing Ruminations.

"In Europe there isn't a foot of public trout-fishing. The streams and the fish in them are all privately owned. I've had better trout-fishing within twenty-five miles of the centre of London than I ever had here in the wildest, most secluded mountain stream." "Here" is the United States of America, and the writer is Eugene V. Connett, 3rd. I have quoted the above paragraph from Mr. Connett's latest book, "Random Casts," as, although he is not correct about free waters in Europe, the sentiment behind the words is sound. Mr. Connett means that public waters are poor fishing waters. Even when such waters are stocked with trout by the Government, the fish have no chance to grow, as they are practically all caught before the season is over. To illustrate this point, Mr. Connett shows that between 500,000 and 600,000 trout over the legal limit in size are liberated each year in the streams of New Jersey and the catch reported by anglers when taking out new licences is round about 450,000. Obviously, these fish, which run from 6 to 10 in. in length when liberated, have little chance to grow. Mr. Connett considers that hatchery-raised fish, after they have been in the stream for a year, are the equal of wild fish, and he hopes that some method may be found to protect them until they become "acclimatised." He suggests either tagging the trout, and making it illegal to kill a fish with a tag dated the current year, or closing a stream altogether for one year after it is stocked, the stocking to be done by a system of rotation, which would mean that open waters would be reduced by one half, and, of course, the intensity of the fishing would be doubled. To counter this, Mr. Connett recommends that bait-fishing should not be allowed—not that he has any moral or ethical objections to bait-fishing, but because undersized fish hooked by a bait angler can seldom be returned undamaged to the water. Also that there should be strict enforcement of size limits and the number of fish that may be killed in a day. He believes that these measures might result in a great improvement in sport. Under present artificial conditions of trout-fishing, there is no denying the contention that the measure of an angler's skill is not the number of trout he kills, but his ability to catch them.

Laws and the Fisherman.

Reading through a summary of the game-fish laws of the U.S.A. and Canada, published by the U.S. Department of Commerce, I find that an angler who travels about on the North American Continent may very easily get into trouble unless he studies the laws of each State most assiduously before commencing to fish. In Wisconsin not more than two flies are permitted on one line, whereas in New York three may be used, but no more, though if the angler decides to use a plug, he may have an "unlimited number of hooks." Not so in Oklahoma, where the limit on artificial baits is fifteen hooks—enough, in all conscience—or in Arkansas and Connecticut, where not more than nine hooks or points are permitted. However, let the bait angler, who spins, beware if he visits New Jersey, for it is unlawful there to use, possess, or sell artificial baits with more than three hooks, or one burr with three hooks—I think this means a triangle. "Chumming,"—that is, ground-baiting—is not allowed in Utah, nor may you fish from horseback in that State. Should the angler visit Kentucky, he should leave behind his bow and arrows, for taking fish with these implements is prohibited. In Tennessee, shooting fish will land him in trouble.

In New York and New Hampshire the angler may not use carp or goldfish for bait; and in New Mexico no game-fish may be used for this purpose. The fly-fisherman will approve the restriction of artificial flies only for salmon in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia, while in Hawaii only artificial fly may be used for trout. Some States, including Wyoming and Montana, prohibit the use of salmon eggs for bait. The prohibition should be extended to every State, and also to the sale of salmon eggs—a business in some parts. Fish in Manitoba and Alaska are unprotected, except that explosives may not be used against them. R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

"EGG-AND-SPOON FINAL": OUR SIXTY-EIGHTH FIRST-PRIZE WINNER.—A.P.C.

The strain and stress of war are faced by every reader, and for that reason it is essential to hold to any distraction it may be possible to enjoy in our limited leisure. Amateur photography when directed to beautiful and peaceful subjects is one of the few pleasures left in a war-time world. Hence we continue our AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION, *and indeed increase the number of pages devoted to it. This study has been awarded the sixty-eighth first prize. It was taken by Mr. L. H. G. Willoughby with a Rolleiflex camera. Film: Agfa. Exposure: 1-50th second at f.8.*

"THAT'S ENOUGH, SIS!"; *by Mr. L. Tyler. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Film: Agfa. Exposure: 1-100th second at f.5.6.*

"ONCE UPON A TIME ..."; *by Mr. A. G. Hounslow. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Film: Agfa. Exposure: 1-25th second at f.3.8.*

"HAVE ONE OF MINE?"; *by Mr. H. G. Rolls. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Film: Agfa. Exposure: 1-25th second at f.4.*

"THE COOK'S SAMPLE"; *by Mr. A. G. Hounslow. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Film: Agfa. Exposure: 1-25th second at f.3.8.*

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.—A.P.C.

"Somewhere in England" thousands of children are finding themselves in new homes. These photographs, awarded runner-up prizes in our AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION, might well illustrate war-time evacuation contentment.

"THE GOOSE GIRL"; *by the Rev. H. M. Hadrill. Taken with a Super-Ikonta camera. Film: Selo. Exposure: 1-50th second at f.8.*

UNDER AN ENGLISH HEAVEN.—A.P.C.

"A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE"; *by Mrs. K. M. Parsons. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Film: Kodak. Exposure: 1-100th second at f.5.6.*

These lovely studies of children have been awarded runner-up prizes in our AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION. They illustrate the kind of surroundings which many children reared in crowded cities are now enjoying, owing to the evacuation plan evolved to meet war emergency.

" CRY BABY "; *by Mr. W. Ellison. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Film: Agfa. Exposure: 1-25th second at f.8.*

" BEDTIME STORY "; *by Mr. J. K. Rotherham. Taken with a Zeiss Nettar camera. Film: Zeiss. Exposure: 1-25th second at f.4.5.*

" LIGHT REFRESHMENT "; *by Mr. Arthur B. Bishop. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera. Film: Agfa. Exposure: 1-100th second at f.5.6.*

" THE FIRST WATCH "; *By Mr. G. C. Sant. Taken with a Leica camera. Film: Agfa. Exposure: about 1-15th second at f.4.*

SUN, SHOWER AND SHADOW.—A.P.C.

These studies of children—which might well have been taken somewhere in England to-day at one of those hospitable homes enlivened by little war-time visitors—have been awarded runner-up prizes in our AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION.

TALES WITH A STING.

HOT CHESTNUTS.

By JOHN WARRY.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

THE curtain had risen and fallen for the last time that evening. The clapping of the audience subsided, and the orchestra struck up with "God Save the King." Mr. and Mrs. Appleton rose laboriously from their seats in the front row of the stalls. They were both middle-aged, and inclined to be stout. A few minutes later, as they moved out into the fresh night air, Mrs. Appleton said: "Well, what did you think of it?"

"Rotten!" grunted Mr. Appleton. "A lot of sentimental tosh! Sheer melodrama, for the most part."

Mrs. Appleton had thought precisely the same, but for some obscure reason she was annoyed.

"Egbert," she said loftily, "you 've no appreciation of romance. I 'll tell you what 's wrong with you—middle-age!"

Mr. Appleton shrugged. A big black car was waiting to take them to their home in the suburbs. The chauffeur held the door open. Mrs. Appleton was about to get in, when she caught sight of a man selling hot chestnuts on the other side of the street. A young fellow and a girl had just bought some from him. Mrs. Appleton followed the couple with her eye as they moved down the street. They were both in rather shabby mackintoshes. The man wore no hat, and the girl had a white béret. Mrs. Appleton had seen them in the gallery of the theatre. She did not usually trouble to observe the denizens of the gallery, but these two were so obviously in love, and Mrs. Appleton was in a mood to envy lovers. There now seemed something very romantic in buying chestnuts in the street.

"Hurry up, Freda," said Mr. Appleton impatiently, as she still hesitated outside the open door of the car. "We haven't all night to waste."

His practical, business-like tones irritated her, and she became obstinate. "Nonsense! There 's no hurry. Besides, I want to buy some hot chestnuts."

"Hot chestnuts?" He sounded deeply shocked.

"Yes; hot chestnuts," she went on defiantly. "Haven't you ever heard of them? There 's a man selling them over the road there."

Mr. Appleton looked amazed. "Are you mad, Freda?"

She abandoned her defiant manner, spoke in soft, coaxing tones. "Oh, Egbert! Don't you think it would be nice to have some? You so rarely see men selling hot chestnuts these days. It would be like old times!"

Mr. Appleton sighed. "Oh, all right. If you 're determined to." He put his hand in his pocket and turned to the chauffeur. "Here, Marsh: run and get two bags of hot chestnuts."

But Mrs. Appleton caught his sleeve, as he was about to slip money into the chauffeur's hand: "No, we 'll get them ourselves, Egbert."

"Don't be absurd, Freda! People of our age and position don't go about the streets buying hot chestnuts—besides, we 're in evening-dress."

"What difference does it make? People do much worse things than that in eveing-dress."

Catching her husband by the arm, she dragged him reluctantly across the street. The chestnut-seller was surrounded by a little group of individuals warming themselves over the coke fire in his barrow. They all looked shoddy, some of them definitely down-at-heel. The cigarette-ends that glowed in the corners of their mouths might have well been gleanings from the gutter. When Mrs. Appleton, in her ermine collar, and Mr. Appleton, in his white silk scarf, approached, all eyes were turned on them.

Mrs. Appleton, however, was unabashed. She gave a winning smile. "Two bags of chestnuts, please."

"Yes, Ma'am." The man handed her the bags with alacrity. "That 'll be fourpence, please."

As the Appletons turned away, however, a broad grin overspread his coarse, stubbly features, and a dirty eyelid winked heavily over a bloodshot eye.

Mr. Appleton saw the grin and the wink, and felt a fool. "Really, Freda, I can't understand you wanting to buy chestnuts from a dirty little man like that. They 're bound to be all bad, in any case."

But Mrs. Appleton had already picked a chestnut from one of the dingy paper bags, and was nibbling it as they crossed the road. "This one 's good, anyway," she mumbled, with her mouth full.

"Really, Freda!" was all Mr. Appleton could say.

When they got inside the car she placed one of the bags on his knees, and continued to munch herself. By a miraculous stroke of luck, every chestnut she ate turned out to be good. "What nonsense you talk, Egbert," she murmured. "There 's not one of them bad."

Looking round, she suddenly realised that her husband had not eaten a single chestnut. The bag lay just as she had placed it on his knees.

"Egbert! Why don't you eat any?"

"I don't like them."

"You always used to."

"Well, I don't now. They give me indigestion."

"Nonsense! I know why you get indigestion. It 's because you haven't been taking those pills the doctor gave you! A few chestnuts won't do you any harm. Eat them, and don't be such a spoil-sport."

But Mr. Appleton had been opposed to the whole idea of buying chestnuts. He had seen the chestnut-seller grinning at them, and felt a fool. He now stolidly refused to eat. Mrs. Appleton relapsed into sulks, munched for half a minute without speaking, then suddenly lowered the window of the car and flung through it a half-eaten chestnut.

"What 's the matter?" asked Mr. Appleton in some concern. "Was it bad?"

For answer, she seized his bag of chestnuts and all that remained of her own, and flung them also through the window.

"Really!" murmured Mr. Appleton. "A single bad one 's nothing to grumble at. I 'm surprised they weren't all bad."

"It wasn't bad!" burst out Mrs. Appleton furiously. "They were all good. But what does it matter whether they 're good or bad, if you don't eat them in the right spirit?"

"Don't be stupid, Freda! I wasn't stopping you from eating them in the right spirit."

Mrs. Appleton was dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief. "It 's no good eating chestnuts by yourself."

Her husband retaliated: "Two bags of perfectly good chestnuts thrown away! I call it a waste."

"Stop saying they were good chestnuts," sobbed Mrs. Appleton. "I tell you it doesn't matter whether they were good or bad."

Meanwhile, the two lovers, who had drawn Mrs. Appleton's attention to the chestnut-seller, were making their way to the nearest Underground station. The man held out the bag of chestnuts, which they shared. The girl picked one.

"Ugh!" she said a few seconds later. "It 's bad."

He laughed: "So is mine. Come on, try again!"

They each took another chestnut. These also turned out bad. "I think we 'd better keep the score," murmured the girl. "That 's four bad to nil good."

They dipped their fingers into the bag a third time. The young man drew lucky. He was quite excited. "Look, I 've got a good one!"

He tried to pop it into her mouth. But it was too hot. She ducked her head away, and the chestnut fell into the gutter.

"There!" he exclaimed. "You 've wasted the only good one in the whole bag!"

They both fell laughing. Presently there was only one chestnut left. He offered it her. "No," she said, "you have it. It 's bound to be bad!"

He smiled: "You 're right. I think I 'll throw it at something."

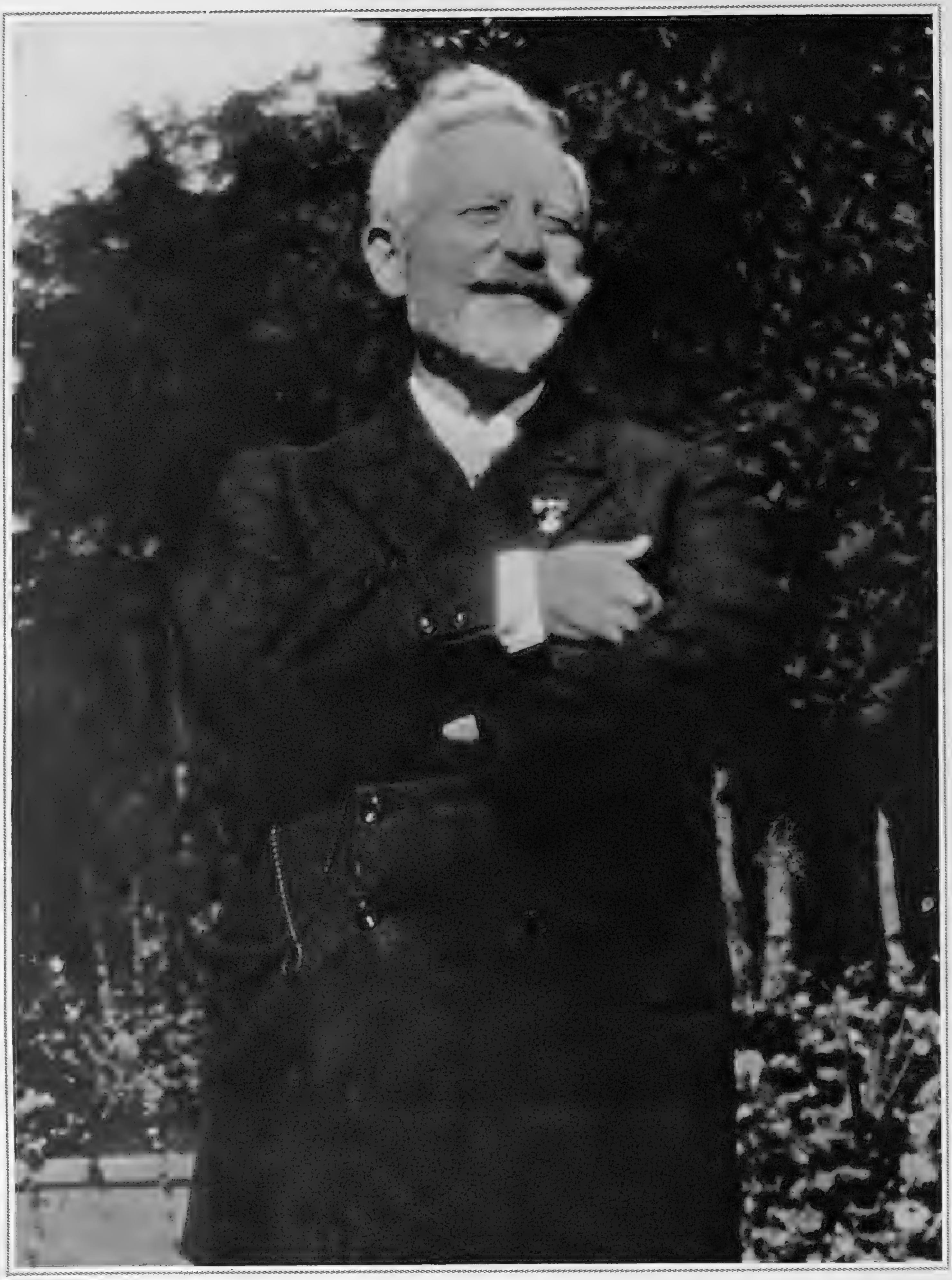
The orange globe of a beacon caught his eye. He took careful aim, missed, and nearly hit a policeman who had just come round the corner. The lovers held their breath, but looked innocent. The policeman glared suspiciously at someone on the other side of the road.

A few minutes later, the young man said: "I 'm afraid those chestnuts weren't much good."

"Oh, I don't know," laughed the girl. "They gave us plenty of fun."

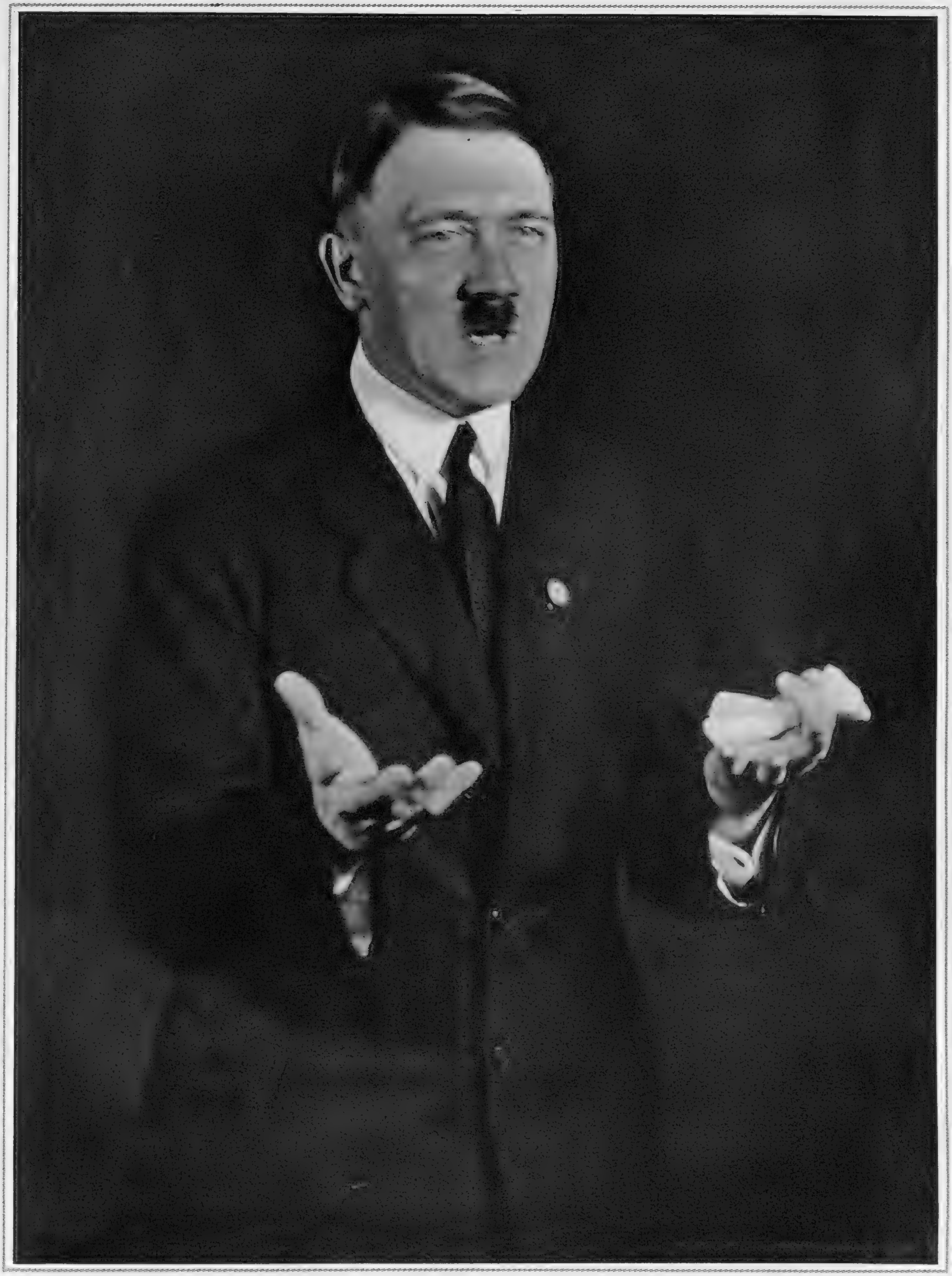
[THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*



WAR LORD—WHO DREAMT OF WAR CONQUEST IN 1914—WHAT ARE HIS THOUGHTS TO-DAY?

The European War of 1914-1918 was brought on us a quarter of a century ago by one man's lust for world conquest. That man was the then head of the German Empire, Kaiser William II. He is now an exile in Holland, shorn of the power and the glory which were once the breath of his life. He plunged Europe into four years of carnage, and his country, in consequence, suffered terrible hardships before it sued to the Allies for peace; and was for many years racked by rebellions, unrest, poverty and general misery. It would be interesting to know what his thoughts are to-day when he sees Germany again plunging Europe into war.



FÜHRER — WHO DREAMS OF WAR CONQUEST TO-DAY — WE KNOW WHAT *HIS* THOUGHTS ARE!

History has repeated itself more strangely than one would have believed possible. A quarter of a century ago the head of the German Empire cried " . . . havoc and let slip the dogs of War" ; to-day his successor has done the same. In the words of the Prime Minister of England, when speaking of the 1939 outbreak of war : " We shall stand at the bar of history knowing that the responsibility for this terrible catastrophe lies on the shoulders of one man, the German Chancellor, who has not hesitated to plunge the world into misery to serve his own senseless ambitions." It is the determination of Great Britain and France that Clio shall continue to repeat herself.

POLAND—AMERICAN FOR INDEPENDENCE.

By NEGLEY FARSON.

Author of "The Way of a Transgressor," etc.

NEW and passionate ties of affection bind several million Americans to the people of Europe in their present battle against disaster. It is the heroic defence of Poland. Chicago is the largest Polish city in the world outside of Warsaw. Poles there boast that, along the cosmopolitan Halstead Street, a purer Polish is spoken than even in the Homeland. In Buffalo, during some of the internal squabbles in Poland following the last war, the American newspaper editors found themselves passionately challenged by local Polish-Americans regarding their leaders on Polish politics. After the war, when a Peace Parade was held in Chicago, it seemed as if nothing but Poles were marching for over a solid hour past the reviewing stands along Michigan Boulevard. And there is hardly a city or town in the United States so small, or so forgetful, as not to have its own Kosciusko Avenue.

The Green Park might almost be called our statesmen's exercise-ground, for it is there and in St. James's Park that they may be seen snatching a moment's fresh air and exercise. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, *Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and* VISCOUNTESS HALIFAX *are here seen taking their walk on the morning of the declaration of war.*

It is a matter of pride, shared by both Poland and America, that the great Tadeusze Andrzj Kosciusko, the Polish general and patriot who directed the last passionate resistance to the partition of Poland between Russia, Austria and Prussia, should have fought for the Americans in *their* War of Independence. It is a matter also of great dismay to our local policemen, who, arresting and charging any delinquent on Kosciusko Boulevard, find that they do not know how to spell that, to us, unpronounceable name—and drag the culprit along to the easier Smith Street. The great American loans given to Poland after the World War, to make that country great and strong, were given almost as much for emotional as for business reasons. And we Americans have always felt that we owned Ignaz Jan Paderewski. The picture of his majestic head is, as I remember it outside Carnegie Hall in New York, a part of my own childhood.

It is claimed that the first authentic hotel in the United States is the Pulaski, in Savannah, Georgia — named after another Polish general who crossed the sea to fight with the Americans for independence. It still exists. But when I stopped there a few years ago, it had become a hostel for itinerant actors —and I found a troupe which had been stranded, perched on chairs in the lobby, depending upon the ability of a performing dog to get them the railway fares back to New York.

Mystic Patriotism.

In the American mind, the word "independence" is synonymous with Poles and Poland. Polish patriotism has been accepted by us to have a mystic quality. And great passion. And as Machiavelli said: "Where Reason cannot find a way out — Passion does!" That is why, marvel as we must at this heroic defence of the Poles to-day, there are thousands of Polish-Americans saying to their friends in the States this morning: "Well, we always told you so. We are Poles."

The *élan* of the famous Polish cavalry is charged with this mystic patriotism. And with centuries of division and subjection behind him, to the Polish peasant this present frightful struggle against Germany is nothing less than a Holy War. For the first time in two hundred years, the Poles are fighting, not for independence, but to *maintain* their freedom.

Last Outpost of Europe.

The Poles are the only Slav race who use exclusively the Latin alphabet. They are as different from the Russians as chalk from cheese. They belong to the Continent, and not to Asia. They are the *natural* allies of France and England. My first awareness of the absolute difference between the Poles and the Russians was gained in Petrograd. It was in the summer of 1915. Suddenly the hotels of the old Tsarist capital were full of lovely women. They were the forerunners of the evacuation of Warsaw. While I listened to an English staff officer lamenting how the "Steam-Roller" had only one shell per gun in the defence of Warsaw, someone else would exclaim: "*O! Comme elle est belle!*" And, looking around the crowded tea-room of the Hotel Astoria, glittering with red-tabs and gold lace, you would see another Polish beauty.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, *the Lord Privy Seal, and* LADY MAUD HOARE *are here seen stepping briskly along in the Green Park early in the morning of the fateful day when war was declared. Sir Samuel is one of the War Cabinet of Nine set up on the lines of that established in December 1916.*

GENERAL SMUTS, *the veteran South African, is one of the Men of the Moment. After the passing of his amendment refusing to adopt the policy of neutrality adopted by General Hertzog, the then Premier, the latter pressed for a general election, which the Governor-General refused. General Smuts was invited to form a Government, and he is now Premier once more and Minister for Defence and External Affairs. South Africa has rallied to the side of Great Britain and declared war on Germany.*

It wasn't we who noticed, at first, the difference between these lovely creatures and the Russians—it was the latter, who peevishly pointed it out to us. They did not welcome this gorgeous invasion.

I came to welcome this difference during the years 1928 and 1929, when I was stationed in Russia under the Soviets. In Moscow we spoke of a chance return trip to Europe as "getting out." The Polish frontier station on the railway line meant that we *were* out. We were in Europe again! It was only a matter of hours, after that, when we knew we would be in the Hotel Europe in Warsaw — and once again hear the life, talk and laughter of a normal world.

On my last trip to Poland, I sat a few feet behind Marshal Pilsudski while he took a review. As the Polish cavalry came past, I felt even my own throat grip at the storm of cheers that greeted them. I was conscious of it then, though perhaps I did not pin the exact word to it — it was *passion*, that frenzied shouting of the Poles. Pure passion. It is a thing which must be reckoned with in to-day's calculations of statistics and ballistics. For the Poles will probably fight more passionately than any race in Europe.

BEAUTIFUL RACE - HORSE OWNER.

MRS. AUDREY BATTINE possesses a stable of Arabians, several of which have won valuable races. Before the International crisis she bought two race-horses in this country, with a view to racing in Egypt.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY OLIVE SNELL.

THAT ELUSIVE SOAP!

DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.

NO BACKYARD.

By EDITH SHACKLETON.

THE host had been showing a bunch of evacuated London children round his historic place—the lake, the orchard, the gardens and paddocks, the garages and stables. "But," asked a small boy at the end of the tour, "Ain't yer got no backyard?" The story is one to be kept in mind by those eager to do their best for the little exiles around them, for it shows how great are the adjustments to be made by some of these children who have never left home before or known of any way of life other than their own; or, at least, never known it more nearly than in a fairy tale or a film. It is, of course, not only unaccustomed grace to which the children have to adapt themselves. Not all are feeling chilly because of the absence of backyards; there are others who have been shocked to find how far one roller-towel is supposed to go in their cottage quarters, and how slack are the dress and deportment of their new guardians. Clearly it will be unfair if well-meaning, would-be entertainers become indignant or grudging when there is no enthusiasm among the refugees for schemes which have served very well for children of their own sort.

One point to be aware of is that children from crowded areas, used to mass teaching, often have not the habit of concentration usually acquired early by children accustomed to ceremonious households, highly cultivated elders and individual teaching. Few can be shown a game or a puzzle or a step in some craft and then left to enjoy themselves in working it out. They are accustomed to support, to conversation, and encouragement. Few have been accustomed to being read to, as are children who have had nurses and governesses and mothers with leisure, and though many will listen with delight, others will find reading aloud boring or even embarrassing. Books "to be read out of from to," as the immortal nurse put it, should be carefully chosen. Most modern children's books are sadly snobbish. Young Bermondsey or Walworth is unlikely to be thrilled by Anne's noble conduct at the Pony Club rally or little Jeremy's perfect behaviour on his first day after hounds. Even the poorest children, accustomed to "comics" and the cinemas, may find country life dull. They should not hastily be classed as little monsters on this account. They might even be right.

The bride with the gas-mask is a new figure. When MISS DENISE WRIGHT *married* M. SERGE CADIER *in London last week she carried her mask as well as her bouquet. The bridegroom was also armed with his.*

Running Safely with the Herd.

Nor should they be considered mentally deficient because, though coming from uncomfortable homes, they are deadly homesick in pleasant billets where everybody is kind to them. Homesickness is not an affair of reason, but derives from the instinct which keeps the young creature running safely with the herd, and is perhaps more likely to occur in children whose homes, through poverty, have something of the lair or the ever-threatened fortress about them, than in those accustomed to the social flow of visiting and receiving. Perhaps the children most in need of outside help are those of the minority who like to read and to play quiet games, and are not under the illusion that anything is fun if everybody does it at once. Where there is a good-sized colony of exiles a quiet games-room is a good idea. Sometimes this could be contrived in one of the bigger houses in a village, or in an empty house, with a rota of voluntary supervisors, books, magazines, and gear for games such as draughts and dominoes.

Women motor-cyclists and push-bike cyclists are under instruction by the Mechanical Transport Training Corps for special subjects necessary for driving with the Defence Forces, with whom they will serve. Here MISS WOOD *(with the push-bike) and* MISS KAYE CHARLES, *daughter of General Charles (on the motor-bike), are receiving instructions before setting off with messages.*

An Alarming Problem.

Non-bookish children are an alarming problem to the gentle helper, but often they can be deeply interested in the making of scrap-books from magazines and newspapers. Each child, however, should be allowed to have his own book and to do his own cutting-out and pasting-in, his own decoration of the pages by water-colour or fancy paper, and not be expected to look on ecstatically while some kind lady or gentleman makes a far grander affair. It is no difficult matter to provide several pairs of blunt scissors, a bowl of communal flour-paste and the pictures required, if one has a few large houses to draw on.

Needlework is more expensive, but nearly all skilled needlewomen have masses of purposeless left-over bits of wool and canvas, and will feel better when these have been taken from them, even though they protest violently at the first suggestion of such plunder. Both boys and girls may be happily engaged in needlework, especially if somebody with a gift for design will provide amusing and individual ideas for them to carry out.

Local gramophone enthusiasts should be approached on behalf of children who are really musical, but the children should not be expected to be articulate about their enjoyment or unfailing in good taste. Nearly all town school-children are accustomed to communal singing and enjoy it, but the slovenly drawling of hackneyed songs should not be too much relied upon by apprehensive entertainers. The provision of a pipe or a tin whistle may mean bliss to a musical child without being a misery to others, and a really noisy toy band, firmly conducted for brief periods only, in which superfluous wicked energy can be blown or banged harmlessly away, can be wonderfully calming to children who show symptoms of being troublesome. (Miss Lilian Barker, famous tamer of Borstal girls, knows all about this.)

Make It Snappy.

Dancing is good, and if you live in a picturesque neighbourhood you are fairly sure to have some spinster settlers who are well up in folk-dancing, and can show the children things like "My Lord Carnarvon's Hunting Jig" and "Blue-Eyed Stranger," but don't forget that the children may be used to jazz, Lambeth-walking and Boomps-a-Daisy-ing, and see that your spinsters make it snappy. If evacuation leads to all our town children becoming appreciative of the country, Hitler may almost be said to be doing us a good service, and the chance of implanting country ways of enjoyment should not be lost; but do not expect that children used to the clamorous excitement of the New Cut or Seven Dials will be enraptured by the sight of empty fields or by the wind on the heath, or will display the country-bred reverence for animals. A customary reaction is an air of contempt for a *milieu* which offers no scope for town cleverness, but some tactful information about flowers and birds can often make a town child knowing and happy again.

The best entertainers are those with a genius for improvisation, those who can suddenly produce clay pipes and soap-suds and start bubble-blowing on a wet day, or remember where there is an old clock that can be opened with a tin-opener and taken to pieces, or how to fold a piece of notepaper into a jumping frog. These are rare, but almost any of us can give a pretty good imitation and keep well at bay that nostalgia for the backyard at home.

TYPES FROM THE GALLANT LAND THAT IS FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM: POLES, IN UNIFORM AND IN PICTURESQUE PEASANT ATTIRE.

THE PICTURESQUE COSTUMES OF THE CRACOW DISTRICT.

JEWS OF THE GHETTO

CAVALRY OFFICERS IN UNIFORM.

NAVAL SERVICE UNIFORM AND MESS DRESS.

POLAND, *which is the ostensible cause of the European conflict of to-day—described by Mr. Chamberlain as a fight against an Evil Thing—is in arms against the Third Reich in order to retain her hard-won freedom; a freedom for which she has struggled through centuries of oppression. The first partition of Poland took place in 1772, the second in 1793, and the third in 1795. These dismemberments failed to break the fiery spirit of the Pole, and the state was re-created as a separate country in 1919. It is to-day the noble task of Great Britain and France to help Poland to keep her freedom.* (DRAWINGS BY TOPOLSKI.)

The whole country has grown gas-mask-conscious, and, with cheerful and sensible obedience, goes to work and play armed with the necessary defence against possible danger from enemy raiders. Here's a September morning scene at the Serpentine Lido, with bathers seated sunning themselves, their gas-masks beside them.

MR. NORMAN BIRKETT, K.C., *at the marriage of* MISS ROSEMARY SHUCKBURGH *to his nephew,* MR. P. B. HAGUE, *with his gas-mask.*

Cabinet Ministers never go out without *Here the* PRIME MINISTER *and* MRS. CHA *the Lord Chancellor, on*

Right: *This* TRAMWAY INSPECTOR *has a very smart case to hold his gas-mask. If this were peace time one would have imagined he had gone to work with his camera!*

SIR JOHN SIMON, *the Chancellor of the Exchequer, evidently hadn't had time last week to get a container for his mask. He's leaving 10, Downing Street carrying it in its cardboard box.*

His MAJESTY *the* KING *wore his uniform as Marshal of the Royal Air Force and carried his gas-mask when he visited the Fighter Command H.Q. He is with Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding.*

ALL ENGLAND GOES TO WORK AND PLAY WITH GAS-MASKS HAND

...irs—usually slung in neat canvas cases. ...ERLAIN are passing SIR THOMAS INSKIP, ...ir usual morning walk.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, *the Secretary of State for the Dominions, has his mask slung over one shoulder as he walks away from No. 10, Downing Street.*

When CORPORAL C. J. WHITE *and his bride,* MISS A. NOCK, *left the sand-bagged Islington Register Office, he had his mask slung over his shoulder and she carried hers. Note his tin hat.*

Her MAJESTY *the* QUEEN *follows the "mind-you-never-forget-it" rule as obediently as any of her husband's subjects. She has a plain, serviceable haversack in which to carry her gas-mask.*

Left: The POSTMEN, *whose work takes them continually about the streets, carry gas-masks in round tin containers.*

The WAITRESSES *and other members of the staff in popular London restaurants go about their duties with their gas-masks in a tin container and worn like a bustle at the back of their waistband.*

: ROYALTY, MINISTERS, BRIDES AND BATHERS FOLLOW THE NEW RULE.

On our front page we give a still of the trial scene in " NURSE EDITH CAVELL," *the film directed by Herbert Wilcox, which reconstructs a historic example of German frightfulness in the last war. On this page are some dramatic incidents from the picture. Here Lt. Schmidt* (LUCIEN PRIVAL) *is surprising Nurse Cavell* (ANNA NEAGLE) *as she tends the wounds of a British Airman* (RICHARD DEANE). *Countess Mavon* (EDNA MAY OLIVER) *is on the left.*

Nurse Cavell and Madame Rappard (MAY ROBSON) *are here moving a heavy wardrobe into place in order to conceal the entrance to a cellar in which fugitives are concealed.*

VICTIM OF 1915 FRIGHTFULNESS:

Nurse Edith Cavell (ANNA NEAGLE) *faced the sentence of death with the greatest fortitude. Here Captain Heinrichs* (GEORGE SANDERS; *right) announces that the hour of execution is near.*

When Nurse Cavell had to face the firing squad at dawn on October 12, 1915, she showed unwavering courage. In this still she is pictured with Captain Heinrichs (GEORGE SANDERS) *and the Chaplain* (HALLIWELL HOBBES).

NURSE EDITH CAVELL" ON THE SCREEN.

THE OLD EVIL FIGHTS ANEW.

By DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE Evil Thing that strove to dominate European civilisation by brute force in 1914 has broken out again. Be under no delusion. This seemingly new threat is truly the old peril. Under the guise of National Socialism the old East German lust for war that we once called Prussianism is at work once more. The Germans themselves know it. When Hitlerism came into power, Dr. Bolz, Premier of Württemburg, denounced it for what it really is—"a revival of the spirit of Potsdam and of Prussian militarism . . . with its desire for world conquest . . . from which all our troubles sprang . . . . Our curse in war (it) seems likely to curse us also in peace. . . ."

Its very slogans are the same. "*Lebensraum*" is merely the old demand for "a place in the sun," which was Prussianism's excuse for war in 1914. Then, too, a treaty was but a "scrap of paper"; Might was the only Right; Germany being Germany was entitled (as Bernhardi preached) to secure victory at *any* cost, while its opponents were to be intimidated by "frightfulness."

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL *is the wife of* MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, *who holds the important post of First Lord of the Admiralty in the War Cabinet of Nine which was set up last week. Mr. Churchill's penetrating judgment of the political situation in Europe during the recent months of tension foresaw the present outbreak of war.*

The Tradition of Frederick the Great.

So, in 1939, the Hitler régime, carrying on the tradition begun by Frederick the Great, lies and breaks promises with an utter disregard of all civilised codes. Its only law is that which serves Germany's ends, or what it calls the will of "the seething soul of the People" ("*die kochende Volkseele*"), as interpreted by the reckless mind of its Leader. It even glories in its ability to smother all opposing reason with a "drum-fire of lies and vituperation" loosed through radio and Press ("Mein Kampf"). It exalts "Strength" as the only virtue, and makes weakness a "sin." It boasts of being able to employ sheer fear, "with full brutality" ("*mit aller Brutalität*"), as Goering is so fond of saying, in order to reduce opponents to a condition of cold terror (*kalter Terror*).

"Terror," "merciless brutality," "unbending rigour," "brutal force," are terms that drip from Nazi lips with a constant and sickening gusto. No other civilised nation has ever talked like this. But Germany not only does, but always has since the days when it unctuously promised to leave defeated nations with "nothing but their eyes to weep with." It is this old barbarism, this outlaw spirit, that again attacks the civilisation to which it has always been instinctively alien and hostile. It is from that threat that we are again forced to save Europe.

Moral Flashiness.

As usual, its assault has been engineered with that curious mixture of cleverness and stupidity—a sort of moral flashiness that has always characterised its incomplete mental and moral equipment. The process by which it consolidated and expanded its power up to the September crisis showed a high order of adroitness which it would be folly to minimise—if the order was opportunism rather than statesmanship. But with these moves that have won Hitler the ingrowing glory of an enlarged Reich, there has gone a quite astounding clumsiness in broken pledges and outrageous acts that has forced antagonism on a Prime Minister and a nation not unwilling to co-operate, and has, with the attack on Poland, ended in outraging the conscience of the entire world.

How far it has disturbed his own ally, time will show, but it is an open secret that the Italians, and especially the military caste, are strongly opposed to fighting the Poles, with whom they are linked in friendship and Faith. This probably explains the absence of military names of international repute from Italian Army commands. It may also explain Italy's neutrality—though that may be a weapon for use as threat or pressure in the future. As far as the battle for Poland and its auguries for the war we now face go, it is too early in the day to decide on the German effectiveness. Yet the opening gambits do create a feeling that the German command has not exploited the new technique of warfare as sharply and decisively as modern military science demands.

It is true that we cannot expect major-scale encounters in the early phases of mobilisation, even though the motor has quickened the *tempo* since 1914, when it took a fortnight. But Germany had almost leisurely days to mass troops along the fronts between the Baltic and Slovakia. More, she has mechanised divisions to strike forward rapidly, create gaps and hold vantage points—which is their function—and so overcome by speed the supremacy which modern weapons give the defence once it has had time to take root.

Tank-Stopping Tactics.

The attempts to pinch off the obvious salients at the Danzig end of the Corridor and at Teschen, no less than the drive for Czestochowa, though successful, were not the lightning thrusts so necessary for these critical opening manœuvres. Indeed, the stiff defence of the Poles, no less than the significant statement that they had accounted for 100 tanks in the earliest stages, argues that they have little to learn in tank-stopping tactics. This is enheartening, if not in itself surprising. The Poles are not merely a tough and military people; they have had an army in being—that is, trained and equipped on a modern scale—longer than the Third Reich, whose real expansion under conscription dates from but a few years back.

It must be recognised, too, that huge armies, as the Germans prefer them, are not necessarily deciding factors in modern warfare. The strength of the defence is so great in these days of the universal machine-gun, that failure to secure an early break-through too naturally results in locked fronts and stalemate. Only the air remains largely fluid, and there our own and the French flying arms should bring relief to the Poles by drawing off the German preponderance. Just how far the air will react upon war is a riddle yet to be solved. So far, the German air work has been fierce, but less impressive in action than in propaganda. But even here we must not minimise. The monster we have to beat is powerful and skilled in his own fatal element of destruction. Fortunately we are aware of it, and this time, at least, we are better equipped to meet him on his own terms.

Here MR. *and* MRS. ANTHONY EDEN *are making their way through the crowd to the House to attend the historic meeting of Parliament on September 1. Mrs. Eden was Miss Beatrice Beckett and is a daughter of the late Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett.*

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN *is the wife of Mr. Anthony Eden, who held the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the critical years of 1935 to 1938 and has now been appointed to the post of Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs. He is not a member of the War Cabinet of Nine, but is to have special access to the Cabinet in order to maintain contact between it and the Dominions.*

ARIADNE ON NAXOS.

This beautiful camera-study illustrates the classic legend of Ariadne. It will be remembered that she guided Theseus through the labyrinth to overcome the Minotaur, but he basely left her on the lonely island of Naxos. She mourned her lost hero until Dionysius appeared in the guise of a beautiful youth, and consoled her.

CAMERA-STUDY BY JOHN EVERARD.

"What's yours?"

It's a WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE

THE MAN'S CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MADAME TABOUIS, for being the most successful modern Cassandra.

MME. TABOUIS, the distinguished French journalist, well deserves the title of "the modern Cassandra," for in her book, "Blackmail or War," and in various articles published in French and English newspapers, she foretold most accurately the catastrophe which has now overwhelmed Europe, and persistently warned the world that the Nazi policy must inevitably lead to war. What is even more remarkable is that over a year ago she suggested that Germany and Russia might very likely come to an understanding similar to the pact which they have now concluded—a forecast which at the time seemed improbable.

"THE FOOD OF LOVE."

A MUSIC ARTICLE BY EDWIN EVANS.

WITH all places of entertainment closed, including concert-halls, the question of music that originated in enemy countries is not likely to be raised, as it was in 1914. Then, as now, a distinction was made between the German people, the countrymen of Goethe and Beethoven, and their rulers, who were then the Prussian Junkers, and are now Hitler and his satellites. Even when stories began to emerge of the behaviour of the German Army in Belgium, there were still many willing to attribute them to the German's lamentable propensity to obey anyone in uniform who barked at him, such as Hitler's inoffensive forerunner, the Captain of Koepenick. Consequently, there was no question of banning or restricting the performance of German music. A few overheated patriots may have suggested it, only to be laughed out of court. The one restriction that found advocates, myself among them, referred to music by living German composers, and was based on two grounds.

The first was that, such music being copyright, its performance constituted a transaction with the enemy, though the performing rights might not be collected until long afterwards. The second justification was that such music was associated, not with the older Germany which we esteemed, but with the arrogant, parvenu Germany of William II. Strauss's symphonic poems, for instance, breathed the very spirit of the *Kolossal*. For that matter, apparently, the objection still holds good. I did not attend the Promenade Concert of Aug. 31, but was interested to read that a colleague attributed the scanty audience to the fact that so large a portion of the programme was allotted to "Heldenleben," which our people, in their present mood, did not want to hear. The choice was unfortunate. I wonder that it did not occur to anyone to change it.

And you shall have music wherever you go! In this air-raid shelter de luxe, *where material comforts are plentiful, the spiritual side is not forgotten, for the wireless set, which gives us news of such vital importance, also provides us with music, which is so soothing in times of stress, and reminds us that there is still much beauty in the world.*

In the present emergency, the position of the living German composer is radically different. Since the advent of Hitler, the enforced standardisation, and the placing of music under the control of the *Reichsmusikkammer*, every German composer who means anything at all to us is already a refugee. This is not limited to Jews. It applies to all independent spirits to whom the subjection of art to force was abhorrent. They are scattered everywhere, here, in France, in America, and there is no love lost between them and the dictator who has, at least temporarily, diverted their creative energy from the land of their birth. Surely it would be adding insult to injury to disqualify them from a hearing on account of a citizenship which they are eager to discard, if they have not done so already, or been deprived of it.

What remains in Germany consists partly of veterans like Strauss, who is now seventy-five, and whose flamboyant orchestral canvases are apparently not welcome just now, and Pfitzner, five years younger, whose works have never found appreciation here. The younger men are mainly opportunists, time-servers, who have submitted to authority. Most of them are completely unknown outside the German frontiers, and nothing that one reads in the international reviews prompts any eager longing to hear them. Some, like Paul Graener, have been rewarded for their subservience with official positions under the State. I was acquainted with Graener during the later years of his residence in London. He has doubtless developed since those early days, but if, as it seems, he is the best that Germany has to offer us, it will be no privation to continue to do without him. I have not seen his name on an English programme for many years. There is one whose status calls for definition, and he happens to be the leading composer of his generation in Germany: Paul Hindemith. His works are banned in the Reich, and he is constantly abroad, but when I last saw him he was still retaining his German domicile and nationality. He will have to decide one way or the other, and I cordially hope it will not be the other.

The only form of musical intolerance that did find supporters during the last war was the other way about. Perhaps it is best illustrated by a reminiscence. Amy Hare, the pianist, who died this year at a ripe age, and her violinist friend, the Hon. Mary Portman, who had predeceased her and left her a substantial legacy, were caught in Germany by the outbreak of hostilities, and had rather a bad time extricating themselves. Safely arrived here, they planned to give a series of chamber concerts, and discussed their scheme with me. On looking it over, I found to my astonishment that it was exclusively concerned with German music. There was not a single work from any other source. When I pointed out that it was hardly tactful to propound that scheme at that moment, and that they should include at least a little music that was not German, Miss Hare severely and incisively asked: "*Is* there any other music?" I gave it up. Strange as it may seem, that attitude was not uncommon, nor was it jeered at as it deserved. The period of German hegemony in music had expired about the turn of the century, but many ultra-conservative musicians still located their "spiritual home" in the country of the three "B's." Early in the war, one of our orchestras announced its usual series of winter symphony concerts. On looking through the prospectus I found that, with the exception of two, or maybe three works, the programmes consisted entirely of German music. Our then allies, France, Russia and Italy, had made quite substantial contributions to the orchestral repertoire, and we had added to it a few quite interesting works of our own composers. All that went for nothing. I was then on the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, and whoever was responsible for its headlines prefaced my advance notice of the scheme: "A German Music Festival," which was a fair description, but seemed to annoy its promoters exceedingly. They remonstrated by letter, claiming that broadmindedness which in those days was constantly invoked in favour of German music, but never in favour of broadening the repertoire. I replied that, since they were so satisfied that their scheme was on the right lines, they owed me some thanks for a splendid free advertisement. But they did not see it in that light.

GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE'S *position as Chief of the Imperial General Staff makes him one of the most important men in 1939 Europe. Here is an off-duty snapshot of him with* LADY IRONSIDE *and their Old English bull-terriers, taken at Gibraltar, where Sir Edmund was formerly Governor.*

The commanding personality of GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE, G.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., *the former Inspector-General of British Overseas Forces, inspires confidence, and may even be felt from a photograph. He saw service in the last war on the Western Front, and has fought at Archangel, in South Africa, India, and Iran.*

MISS ELSPETH IRONSIDE *is the only daughter of General Sir Edmund and Lady Ironside. Here she is with a favourite mount, Charity. The portrait was taken at Gibraltar.*

GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE *typifies the British Man of Action. He speaks sixteen languages, and is the author of "Tannenberg; the first Thirty Days in East Prussia."*

BRITISH WAR LEADER AND HIS FAMILY.

THE LOVE OF FOOD.

By X. MARCEL BOULESTIN.

BORDEAUX, that perfect stopping-place from Paris to the Basque coast, is more than a fine provincial town; it is the gastronomic capital of the south-west of France, and unlike any other French town. A few noble streets, a wide though muddy river, several spacious promenades and *places*; squares entirely unspoilt and quays with admirable houses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, all of them with perfect stone staircases and wrought-iron banisters; the cafés where in the warm evening one can sit watching people strolling on the pavement; the best wines

The tourist is the enemy of the gourmet, who never wants to rush away from a perfect and evanescent meal.

in the world, cooking of a high quality; an indescribable atmosphere all perfumed, as it were, by the amazing Bordelais accent (and a little garlic)—all these things contribute to a harmonious effect which, one hopes, tourists may soon again be able to enjoy.

Except the Grand Theatre, which is probably one of the finest in the world, there are no monuments of overpowering beauty or of touristic antiquity to distract one's attention from the charming details of a well-composed picture. But there are cellars and, equally harmonious in their perfection, several restaurants, real temples of gastronomy, the most famous being the historic Chapon Fin. The tourist is the enemy of the gourmet, who never wants to rush away from a perfect and evanescent meal to see stones which have lasted several centuries, and will probably last more. The old wines disappear, but not the Old Masters; so the gourmet is wise in his choice. And is it not true that the life of a town is symbolised more truly, more essentially by its streets, its restaurants, its cafés than by the relics of the past? All the more when this town is Bordeaux, the native place of claret.

Drive on southwards but a few kilometres, in two minutes romance begins; on each side of the road there are vineyards bearing old and splendid names, Haut-Brion, Pope-Clément, all the glories of the Graves district—glorious suburbs. The landscape is more than a landscape: it is a potential *grand vin*. As Colette so admirably puts it, "*Rien qu'en nommant par leurs noms nos provinces et leurs villes nous chantons la louange des vignobles révérés.*" The cuisine of the Bordelais is not particularly complicated, and it ignores the cream sauces so dear to Burgundy and Normandy; but it is supremely good. In many houses charcoal for grilling and the spit for roasting are still in use.

ENTRECÔTE BORDELAISE.—Take a piece of rump-steak or a piece in the ribs about two inches thick, paint it with melted butter and season it with salt. Grill it on a quick fire, first on one side, then on the other, then finish the cooking more slowly till it is done to your taste. The sauce is served in a sauceboat. Put in a small saucepan one shallot finely chopped and a small glass of dry white wine; let it reduce by at least two thirds. Meanwhile, poach in boiling salted water the marrow of a bone, then cut it in small dice and add these to the reduced wine with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Cook a few minutes and serve; the marrow should be only partly melted.

POULET EN CROÛTE FORESTIÈRE.—Take a chicken, young and tender, not more than two pounds in weight. Truss it for roasting and paint it with a little pork fat. Roast it in the ordinary way, basting often. Have one pound of mushrooms, chop them, and cook them about eight minutes in butter with salt, pepper and a little lemon juice.

Prepare at the same time about a breakfastcupful of Béchamel sauce, which you stir in the mushrooms and mix well; it should be a fairly thick mixture. Put some of it inside the chicken when roasted; remove the string and put the chicken in the middle of a thin batter you have prepared. Coat the chicken all over with the *purée* of mushrooms and cover it with the batter.

When the chicken is well wrapped in, paint the batter with yolk of egg, and bake it about ten to twelve minutes in a moderate oven. Serve the rest of the *purée* of mushrooms in a separate dish; as for the batter for the *croûte*, it is a simple one, prepared in the following manner: Have on the board half a pound of sifted flour in a heap; make a hole in the middle and add two whole eggs, one by one, three ounces of butter, a pinch of salt and half a glass of tepid water, working the batter in the ordinary way. When smooth and firm, flatten it on the board to a layer about half an inch thick and large enough for the chicken to be wrapped in.

I had this dish in Bordeaux, and the mushrooms were the delicious *cèpes*; but these are rare in England and not much liked; ordinary mushrooms can be used.

GIBELOTTE SAUTERNAISE.—This dish comes, as the name implies, from the Sauternes district. It can be made either with cold mutton left over from a joint or with meat specially bought (in which case, of course, it has to be cooked longer). Cut the mutton in small pieces and trim it well; cook it in pork fat or butter, together with two or three shallots finely chopped. When this initial cooking is done, add chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a good glass of white wine. (This is according to the quantity of meat, but the glass should be "generous.") Let the mixture simmer gently forty minutes, so that the sauce is well reduced.

It happens that the combination is a good one; it is more or less the same as that (white wine, shallots, parsley) used for cooking a rabbit dish from which it takes its name—the popular "gibelotte."

Old wines disappear, but not the Old Masters.

WHEN THE TEACUPS TINKLE . . . .

. . . when all those tremendous trifles are discussed . . . what is being worn now . . . what will be worn in the future . . . *and what we can both do about it.* In these fashion-wise heart-to-heart talks the question of stockings always arises . . . surely it is no coincidence that Bear Brand Sy-metra receive such unqualified approval? Personally we flatter ourselves that it is because their unique qualities are becoming more widely known.

Sy-metra stockings are made differently to any other stocking you can buy! They give a subtle slenderising effect to even the loveliest legs, their seams always stay straight, and tests show that they give 30% more wear from calf to heel.

Bear Brand
Sy-metra
TRADE MARK
TRUE FASHIONED PURE SILK STOCKINGS
Patents Pending
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Spectator Models

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

CRISIS, we are all aware by now, is a touchstone. It has no mercy on the bogus or second-rate—not even on the faintly bogus, the forgivable second-rate. It shows up much of what we are, and what we feel, and makes it look silly. But, in a different way, it shows up the things that count. Whatever keeps its value and attraction at such a moment must be pure metal. This is true in the world of books as elsewhere, and especially true of books that are meant neither to distract nor to instruct us—mere expressions of opinion, discursive broodings on this and that. Are they still good enough? Do they look precisely as they would at another time? The chances are against it, but if they do, they are the right stuff.

Captain and Mrs. Cecil M. Wills' daughters were married on the same day, though it was not a double wedding, as the bridal pairs followed each other to the altar. MISS ROSEMARY WILLS *married* MR. C. CUBITT *(left) and* MISS PAMELA WILLS *married* MR. C. LARKING.

Mr. Priestley Soliloquises. "Rain Upon Godshill" stands this formidable test with ease; it does matter what Mr. Priestley thought in his workroom in the Isle of Wight upon a wet day. He thought of the recent past; he tells us what he did with it, and how it strikes him on looking back, and what he feels now about himself, and England, and life in general. And it is all good to hear. You may not agree with him on every point—you may want to argue, and indeed he has the gift of provoking argument; he stirs up the mind, and sets us to re-examine our own beliefs. But even in the flush of dissent there is a heartening sense of fellowship; you feel he may be wrong, but it is never in the wrong way. Writing, as it were, offhand, without the least fuss, he never stumbles on triviality. I don't think he has a "message"; he is neither sage nor saint, but a glorified Common Man—in nothing more so than in his yearnings for the Invisible. But he is normal and something over. His Common Sense is really just and perceptive, not, as with so many of its professors, a euphemism for the closed mind. His spiritual leanings are truly spiritual, not merely that so frequent indulgence of common men, a bee in the bonnet. It is good to be in contact with such an ally—an ally brilliant enough to increase our faith, average enough to convince us that there are plenty more.

Mr. Priestley complains a good deal of the sniffy attitude—the "desiccated superciliousness"—of certain reviewers. He says nothing they don't deserve, and yet it seems a pity he has to talk about them. For, after all, he gets so much praise, and he has such contempt for his detractors, and *some* injustice to a writer is such a matter of course, that he could well afford to keep quiet. Why lay yourself open to the charge of being defensive and touchy? Besides, it 's partly his fault; he *has* produced inferior work, and done well out of it—he puts his worst into fiction. But only a critic jaundiced and obsessed by "The Good Companions" could fail to see that "Rain Upon Godshill" is in a different class altogether. Of course, it 's redolent of the Common Man, and so the highbrows will be put off. But it is emphatically not the work of a common writer. Every sentence—lucid, vigorous and shapely—is a pleasure to read; and anyone who can write like that has something to say.

Mr. Priestley has something to say about his travels, and we know he is good at that. (I liked the few pages on Egypt better than a more sumptuous account of Arizona, which seemed to me rather long.) He has a great deal to say about England, the English character, and the defects of our upper class. And on this ground he is unbeatable. His judgments, on the whole, are not new, nor pretending to be new; that could hardly be, since the facts are there for us all, and he is not our only writer with intelligence and good feeling. But for clear sight and reasoned, forcible exposition, he beats the band. His social chapters are a triumph of Common Sense.

The One Thing Needful. When he moves from common sense to High Thought, one is not so sure of him—and he is not so sure of himself. He believes in Something. That 's the main point, for the Something is always, at its core, the same thing, and all whom it attracts are in the same boat. Only they are apt to confuse the form in which it has appeared to them with the thing itself, and start quarrelling. To Mr. Priestley it appeared in certain views about Time. For me they have no spiritual content whatever, and so I feel no impulse to accept them; but for Mr. Priestley, they contain Something—and therefore they must be right. On the other hand, he is supercilious about the doctrine of "non-attachment." It is "too negative"; under its banner "nobody will march far"; it asks you to "lead the existence of a ghost, a feeble and attenuated parody of a life."

I do not say that some persons ought not to withdraw, to refuse to join in, to save their souls neatly and quietly in seclusion, to acquire virtue by turning down a friend's dinner; but what I am tired of are systems in which only this type of temperament is allowed to flourish—if the term is not too flamboyant—etc., etc.

This line of talk seems to me incredibly crass and Philistine It shows, or shams, complete ignorance of what Buddhist, Christian, Moslem asceticism is really like: how adventurous it is, how exacting, how far beyond the reach of those who think they are looking down on it. But I am crass about Time; why can't I believe that Mr. Priestley genuinely sees nothing in "non-attachment"? Well because he strikes one as conscience-ridden. He has chosen th life of Martha; is for ever describing his multifarious activitie in a manner half boastful (not without reason) and half defensive But why excuse himself? Why pretend that it would be conceited to give them up? Those who retire to the desert in pursuit o Something are not conceited; they are not thinking of themselve I don't suggest that Mr. Priestley ought to become a hermit; it is

When MISS CATHERINE HOLMES, *daughter of Mr. Stuart Holmes, married* MR. HERBERT CHARLES RUBE GILLMAN *at Chelsea Old Church, members of her Auxiliary Fire Service Section acted as a guard of honour.*

he who keeps on suggesting it, only to explain that it wouldn't do. And yet he is uneasy in the world; he says so himself.

I still cannot make up my mind whether I am a fortunate man who feels unlucky, or a lucky man who feels unfortunate; but I still feel one of them, and therefore not very happy and vaguely contemptible. And to-morrow I must get to work again, though at what, and why, I am not very sure. . . .

[*Continued overleaf.*

And so—bustles! But bustles made by our generation, emphasising the slim line we love. Maggy Rouff original is bronze taffeta, a sheath draped by cunning hands, with velvet detail. Copied in black or colours to order in the Model Gown Salon for 12½ gns.

Harrods Ltd

London SW1

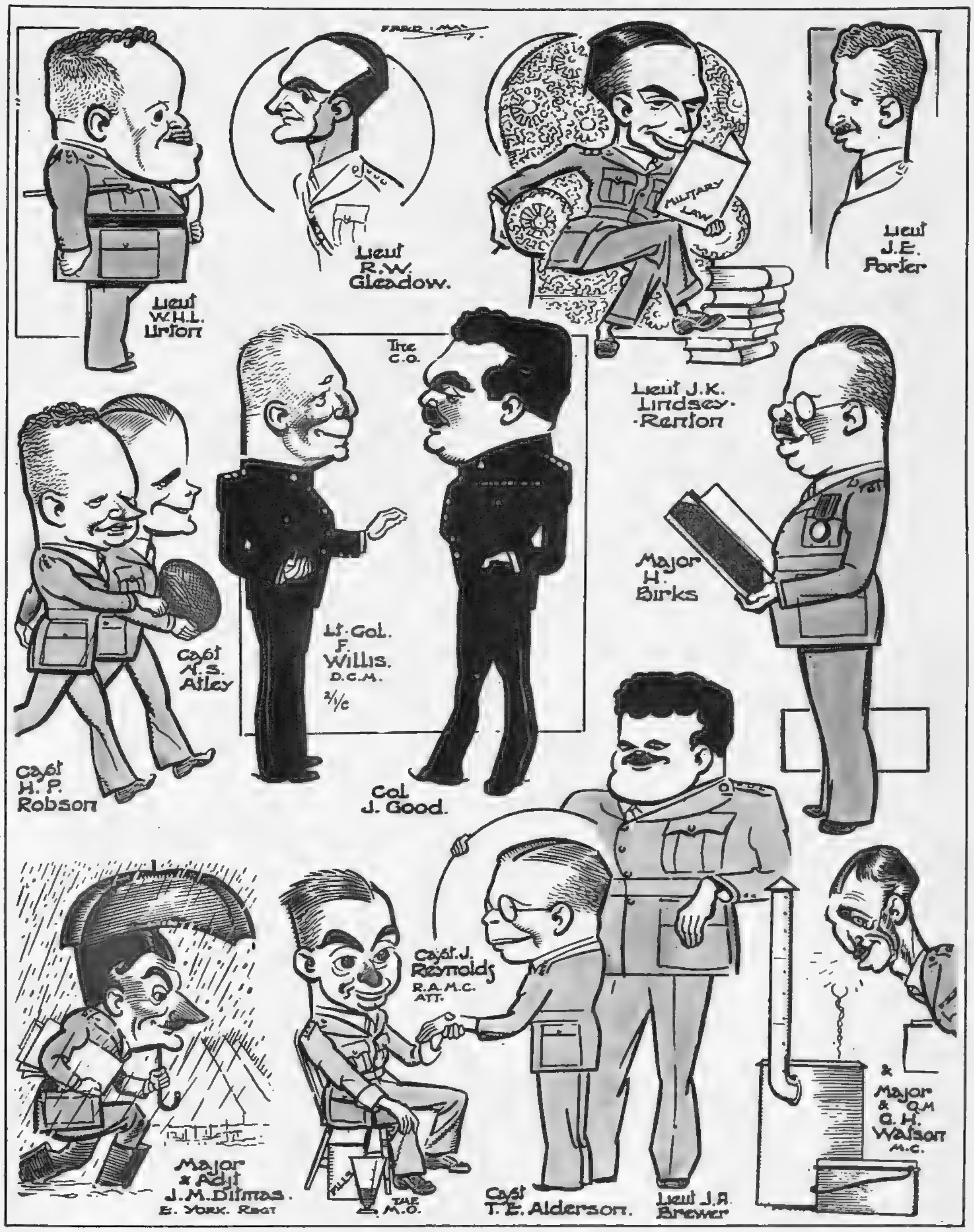
Continued.]

Is this the outcome of " living eagerly and ardently, like a poet " ? Isn't it the plight of the man who " went away sorrowful, because he had great possessions " ?

Pilgrim Fathers.

" Blossom Like the Rose " is a tale of Puritan adventure in the New World. The narrator, Philip Ollenshaw, has been lame from birth. He is the son of a brutal, full-blooded English squire, who loathes him for being a cripple, and would have let him grow up crooked, ignorant and dirty; but Shad, the blacksmith, has made him an iron shoe, and taught him to read. In Shad's forge he gets to know the other men of the village, and to sympathise with their discontents. They want to farm their own land, and worship in their own way, and when Philip comes across Nathaniel Gore, who is planning a settlement in America, his first thought is that Eli Makers and the rest should join in. He never thinks of joining himself; he is lame and timid, unfit for hardships, and fanatical in his dread of pain. Not the stuff you would choose for a pioneer. But he is in love. His father assaults the girl, and Eli rescues and marries her—she has nowhere else to turn, and Eli says that it is God's will. Philip has lost his chance, but wherever Linda goes, he must go—and so he goes to America. Very soon the burden of leadership is added to the burden of his new life. For Nathaniel dies before they reach Zion, and leaves his mantle to Philip; no one else can be trusted to keep religious zeal within bounds, and oppose the tyranny of " virtue " as Eli and his like understand it.

To describe this as a historical novel might suggest pasteboard; in reading, you forget to think of it as historical. The English is neither carefully old-fashioned, nor obtrusively modern, and it is the same with the pioneers. Except Philip, these are more or less from stock; but they are good enough for the requirements of a story that never flags, and does not ask for subtleties of character-drawing. A very squeamish reader may object to the lazar-house, the account of Indian tortures, and the horrible heroism of the last scene; but this is not a cruel book, though it contains cruelty. And it is a great deal more than merely exciting.



The EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT *was raised in 1685 and is the second oldest of the Line Regiments of the county of Yorkshire. During the 1914-1918 war it raised twenty-one battalions which saw active service in all the principal theatres of war. In 1922 his Majesty the King, then Duke of York, was appointed Colonel-in-Chief, and in 1935 (Jubilee year), which coincided with the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the raising of the regiment, the title of the Duke of York's Own was granted. The battalion whose officers are here caricatured dates back to 1850 and is " the senior member of the Territorial family." At the outbreak of the 1914 war they were in camp, and early in 1915 were sent to France and served throughout in Flanders. They received their baptism of fire at the second battle of Ypres, and became known in the East Riding as the " Fighting Fourth," although at one time they were nicknamed " The Snappers."*

" Anchor Comes Back " will inevitably be described as a " yarn "—and yarn is the word, only you must take it in the best sense. Bill Inch has " swallowed the anchor " to please his wife. She is a rich woman — but that had nothing to do with it, whatever people may say. He gave in to her for love, and he is only just not sorry — despite his interest in the Black Wood Company at Thaung-lon. Still, if the little venture succeeds, they may be happy together; it's not his work, and he is terribly homesick for the sea, but it's a man's job. But the Company is living from hand to mouth. After a struggle, it has to merge with a bigger firm, and Bill is dispensed with. He can't return to sea, and there is no place for him ashore; it looks as if Ann, from pure affection, had been the ruin of him.

Then, at the eleventh hour, Fate deals him a last card—the *Burma Princess.* If he takes that sinister, abandoned ship into port, he can demand a ship of his own; if he fails, the penalty is a frightful death. He doesn't think twice. I don't know which is more vivid, the nightmare voyage to Rangoon, or the spot of "labour trouble," brilliantly handled by the two unwanted members of the firm. There is only one thing against the plot —it is in two parts, with an abrupt and total change of interest half-way. But for that, it would be the very model for a yarn of the higher kind.

K. John.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Rain Upon Godshill. By J. B. Priestley. (*Heinemann; 8s. 6d.*)
Blossom Like the Rose. By Norah Lofts. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Anchor Comes Back. By Humphrey Jordan. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.*)

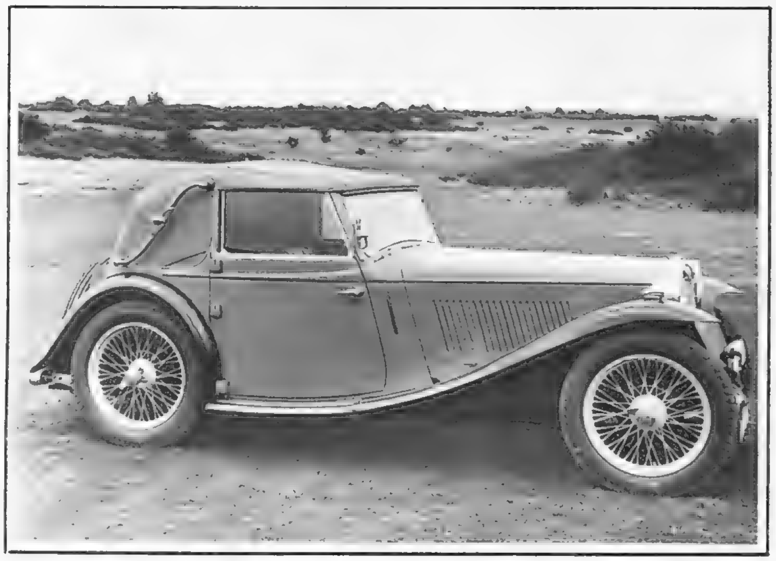
The
purest known
water
BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE
(Still)
BOTTLED BY
IN THE MALVERN HILLS
SCHWEPPES

MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

THE Austin " Twelve " is a truly historic vehicle, worthy of being placed on a pedestal with the " Silver Ghost " Rolls-Royce and the Model-" T " Ford. It first won its name soon after the 1914-1918 war, and it is now almost a household word for sturdy reliability in motor-car design and performance. After the famous Austin " Twelve," introduced in 1921, there came a successor in the form of the " Light Twelve," and now the tradition is being carried on by an entirely new Austin " Twelve " with a characteristic, large four-cylinder engine of 1535 cc. developing 42 b.h.p. at 4000 r.p.m. The car is certainly handsome to look at; remarkably so when you consider that it costs only £225 as a fixed-head saloon, or £235 with a sliding head. It has a rear track of 4 ft. 8 in.—the standard width for waggon-trails abroad—which gives a rear seat width of 46 in. Another novel feature is the built-in provision for a radio-set or air-conditioning installation, both of which can be obtained for a reasonable extra charge. Another special feature consists of torsion bars doubling the resistance to rolling on corners.

Thanks to the adoption of the forward engine mounting and the type of radiator cowl which first became popular with the introduction of the new Austin " Eight," the Austin " Twelve " for 1940 looks longer than its predecessor, although in actual fact it is slightly shorter. A very large luggage locker is an attractive feature of this car, the spare wheel being carried beneath an entirely separate compartment closed by the panel carrying the protected rear number-plate. The rear panel of the luggage compartment drops down to form a platform for carrying, if desired, an extra hundredweight of baggage. All the windows of the body are of toughened glass and the windscreen can be opened very wide by a winder placed in the middle of the facia board. There are double sun vizors and the rear compartment has hand-pulls for easy ingress or egress. Furthermore, the sliding-head model has a centre arm-rest to the rear compartment, and window louvres over the doors.



This M.G. " MIDGET " DROP-HEAD COUPÉ *was photographed on the downs.*

Although the instrument panel is designed in typically Austin style, there is, in addition, provision for fitting a radio-set of either Philco or Masteradio design directly into the dash. If radio is not required, the Smith's air-conditioning device can be fitted in its place. Provision has not been made for both these fittings to be installed together, but, of course, a radio-set can always be disposed down by the floorboards, or in some other convenient part of the car.

The new Smith's air-conditioning plant consists of a small water-radiator connected to the cooling system of the engine and provided with a fan operated by a small electric motor. Matters are so arranged that air can either be drawn through the scuttle ventilator, in which case it would be used for cooling in hot weather, or, when it is desired to warm up the inside of the car very quickly, the scuttle-ventilator can be closed and the heater used to warm the air directly. There are ducts in the facia panel, which direct air on to the screen so as to prevent the formation of ice in very cold weather. Screw-type jacks, which fit directly on to the chassis, are provided as standard, but for an extra charge, Smith's Jackall hydraulic equipment can be provided.

Good riding is ensured, not only by the light and long half-elliptical springs, but by double-action Luvax shock-absorbers and an anti-roll bar both at the front and at the rear. The gear-box is of the straightforward synchromesh type with central control, and easy-changing mechanism is provided on second, third and top gears. Girling brakes, which I know from my own experience offer first-rate retardation, are used throughout, while the hand-brake also acts on all four wheels. There is an independent adjustment on each brake. The wheels are of the detachable four-stud, easy-clean, pressed-steel type, with Dunlop 5·50 × 16 E.L.P. tyres.

MR. HORE-BELISHA, *the Minister for War, has a khaki-clad woman chauffeur. Here she is fixing the flag to the radiator of his car.*

ALVIS CARS PROMISED FOR 1940.

No very marked changes have been made in the 4·3-litre and "Speed Twenty-five" model Alvis cars, which are being continued much as they are to-day, but close attention to detail has resulted in even greater silence and smoothness. The frontal appearance of the "Twelve-Seventy" has been improved, however, by the introduction of a vertically-grilled radiator, while the head-lamps have been increased in size and efficiency; twin wind-horns are mounted now immediately above the front bumper bar. Rear-quarter-bumpers have also been incorporated. The seating has been redesigned to give still more leg-room, while Dunlopillo overlay upholstery is used to ensure still greater comfort and tireless long-distance travel. The 1940 " Twelve-Seventy " is certainly one of the most remarkable Alvis models ever produced, and with its improved appearance, equipment and refinement of detail it has become parallel with the larger and more expensive Alvis models.

The HILLMAN *programme for 1940 comprises the two well-known models, the " Minx " and the " Fourteen." The latter continues with very little change, except that its appearance has been improved and a new " Special " model introduced. This has many refinements, including hydraulic brakes and a wealth of luxurious equipment. Our photograph shows the handsome new frontal appearance of the Hillman " Fourteen."*

The supremacy of DUNLOP Tyres in world speed records and track and road racing, may seem of small importance to the average car-owner. Reflect, however, that it is these very tests that give DUNLOP experts the experience necessary to build into your DUNLOP tyres the safety and reliability for which the name DUNLOP is universally famous.

DUNLOP Fort

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CRISIS.

"SLACKER? Slacker, did you say? I like that! Did I not, with my own fair hands, shovel London into sacks for the defence of your own City?"

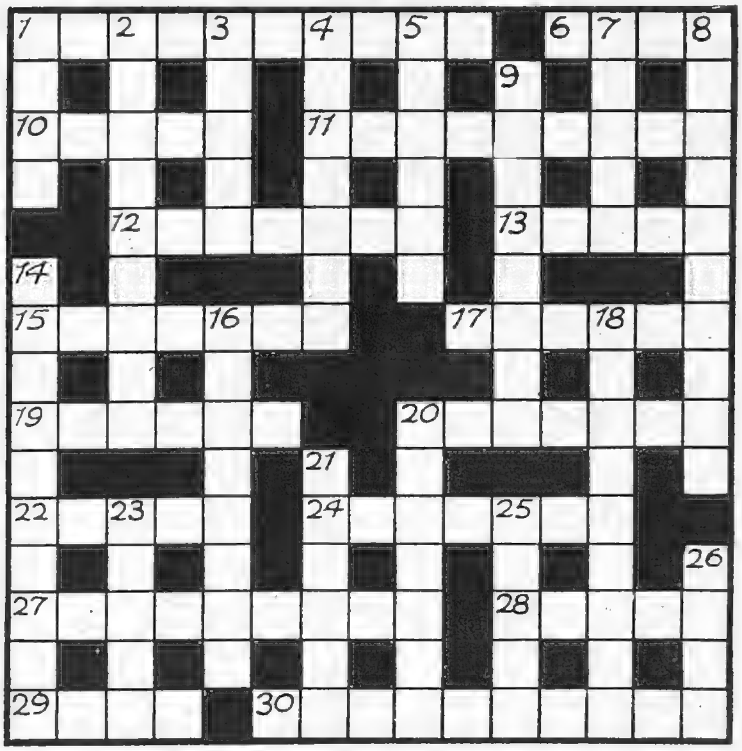
"Did you do any of that work?" asked The City Editor in surprise.

"Bags of it, my boy. Literally bags of it. Penetrating stuff, too. At the end of that week, I felt like nothing so much as the floor of a village pub."

"Aren't you confusing sand with sawdust?"

"No, Sir, I am not. As a holder of Associated Portland Cements, I ought to know what I'm talking about. But 'slacker,' forsooth!"

"SKETCH" CROSSWORDS—HARD . . .



ACROSS.

1. Not traffic signals, but candles (10).
6. Tropical tree always on hand (4).
10. The reptile might save you any additional trouble (5).
11. Boot pains (Anagram) (9).
12. The majority take a long time for muscle treatment (7).
13. A five-and-a-half yards fish? (5).
15. Inside covers (7).
17. She is somewhat deranged in "Hamlet" (6).
19. An inquisitive edge of a moulding (6).
20. Irishman at one time known to heralds (7).
22. Underground spring? (5).
24. The barometer shows a celebrated fiddler in relief (7).
27. Withdrew (9).
28. She is one of the nuts (5).
29. Jane, perhaps, or a court of itinerant justices (4).
30. How ten mincers make additions (10).

DOWN.

1. The coin is obviously not counterfeit (4).
2. Dregs (9).
3. Frolics in the aviary (5).
4. Talkative persons suggestive of blimps (hyphen; 7).
5. Gardening tool (6).
7. Surname of a Robin of song (5).
8. This person's work might result in a marriage or a source of fire (hyphen; 10).
9. In one word a photograph; in two a hurried piece of marksmanship (8).
14. This should have reason if not rhyme (two words; 5, 5).
16. Towards the end of last century there was evidently no lack of neckwear (8).
18. 13 (two words; 4, 5).
20. Pale red suppliant (7).
21. A part of Switzerland in China (6).
23. To give expression in unconditional fashion (5).
25. Go up over the food for a writing of old Ireland (5).
26. Trees consisting mostly of a railway (4).

"I'm not at all sure that we shan't have to shift our sense of yields and values before the next Budget heaves in sight."

"It's going to be a snorter," prophesied The City Editor, with a slight shiver. "Does anyone remember what Income Tax went to in the last war?"

"Six shillings in the pound, with E.P.D. as a garnish, and increases in a heap of duties."

"As a matter of fact, we are paying nearly as much now as we were in the peak of the last war."

"There comes a point," said The City Editor, "at which taxation, when it is too heavy, defeats its own object of increasing the revenue."

"In other words, you can't get blood out of a stone. By the way, weren't we on the gold standard during the last war?"

"We were—and all the time. Gold then was a little under four pounds ten an ounce, and to-day the price is nearer eight pounds."

"And yet the rise of three pounds ten has made hardly any change in the way we live. That's what seems so anomalous to me."

"It is rather, when you come to think of it. But, although we haven't noticed it to any extent, inflation has been going on in a quiet kind of way, you know."

"So long as you don't put up the prices of my smokeables and food and club-subscriptions, you can inflate as hard as you like, and it won't worry me."

"I don't see how we can expect our living expenses not to go up. We are pouring out money enough to fill the Atlantic, and somebody's got to pay. Somehow or other."

"We've got quite enough trouble and bother to go on with, so why worry about what hasn't yet arrived? We shall know the worst quite soon enough. Stick your chin out and keep on keepin' on: that's what I say."

"Business won't keep on, and seeing that it's business that keeps me, where do I come in?"

"The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, my boy. You'll get used to it before long. And things will settle down in the same way that they did in the last war."

"If prices of commodities go up, as you say they will——"

"I can't see what's going to stop them."

"They won't alter just yet: not materially," The City Editor maintained. "The country is well stocked with most things, and we can afford to draw our belts a bit tighter if it's necessary."

"Some fellows were arguing last night that it's unpatriotic to put money into gold-mining shares."

"I've heard that said, too," The Jobber observed. "Can't quite see the force of the argument if you have money you can spare for buying shares in mining companies."

"It's easier to see the sense of the Government's asking us not to buy Americans or foreign bonds. The money, in both cases, might conceivably go outside the country. And we want it here."

"You've got to make a return of your Yankee shares to the Government—"

"And some of the other foreigners, as well. Therefore the Government keep control of that money, because your shares could be used as security if the country has to pay for war material that it buys abroad."

"Supposing I, being British, have held Americans, any of them, for years, and I want to sell them now. Can't I turn them over to you, if you particularly wished to have them?"

"You must get the Bank of England's permission first. If both of us can make out a genuine case, and fill up the necessary forms, I should say, without feeling too sure of it, that we might be allowed to deal."

"That doesn't apply to gold-mining shares?"

"It doesn't at present," The Broker cautiously replied. "Nor does it affect rubber or oil or any of our own industrials. And when we get a bit more accustomed to the present conditions, I think there will be no great difficulty in starting-up our home markets again."

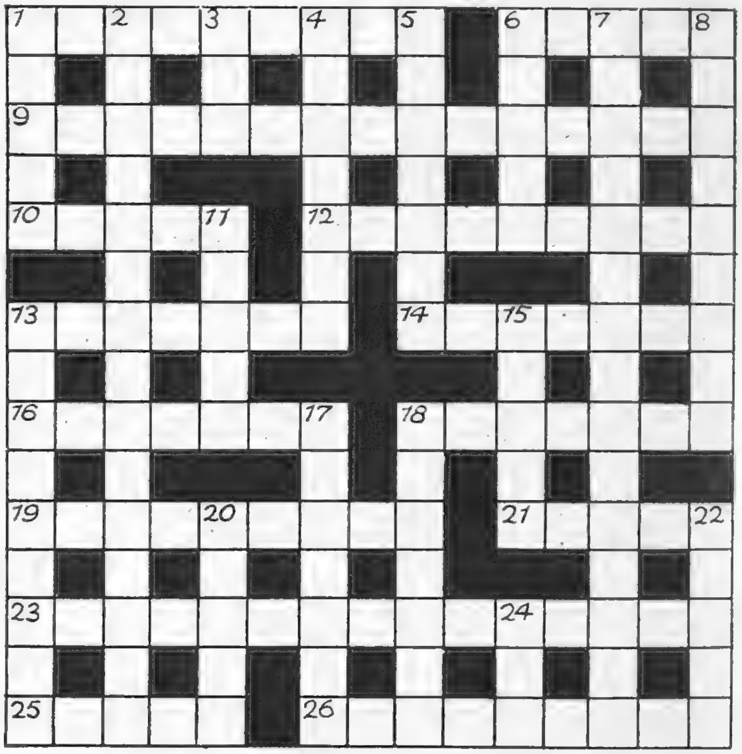
"And that will be——?"

"I'm not what you'd call a religious man," replied The Broker, "but"—he raised his hat—"may God Defend the Right!"

"And God Save the King!" The Jobber fervently added.

Friday, Sept. 8, 1939.

. . . AND HARDER.



ACROSS.

1. Lady Hamilton painted so! (9).
6. Gentleman (5).
9. Swept away—by modern methods? (15).
10. Parker his surname (5).
12. Such a person is no dreamer (9).
13. You can easily turn an element into cash (7).
14. Trifling incident (7).
16. Lengthy comment not without hypocrisy (7).
18. Part of trench (7).
19. Argument which settles things (9).
21. Scotch king of libraries was also king of this castle (5).
23. B.B.C. brahmins form (or shed?) this class (two words; 10, 5).
25. Cry from the Tyrol and German Switzerland (5).
26. "Refreshers" having less to do with barrister than hours (9).

DOWN.

1. Preferable to save this or have it for breakfast? (5).
2. Interrogated for opposite side (13).
3. Royal vessel (3).
4. Number above a trifle for game (7).
5. Saint said to have been a great hunter (7).
6. "The fountain spouted . . . of diamond-drift and pearly hail" (Tennyson) (5).
7. Gloomy views as to health (15).
8. "Little barrels" contain mainsprings (9).
11. Server in felt dwelling with you (5).
13. Holding in trust (9).
15. There's something Welsh in the air (5).
17. Word like molasses first used for "balm" in Gilead (7).
18. Goes round eastern hat (7).
20. Barbarous for embroidery? (5).
22. Stage scene does so (5).
24. Decoration for skeleton company from France (3).

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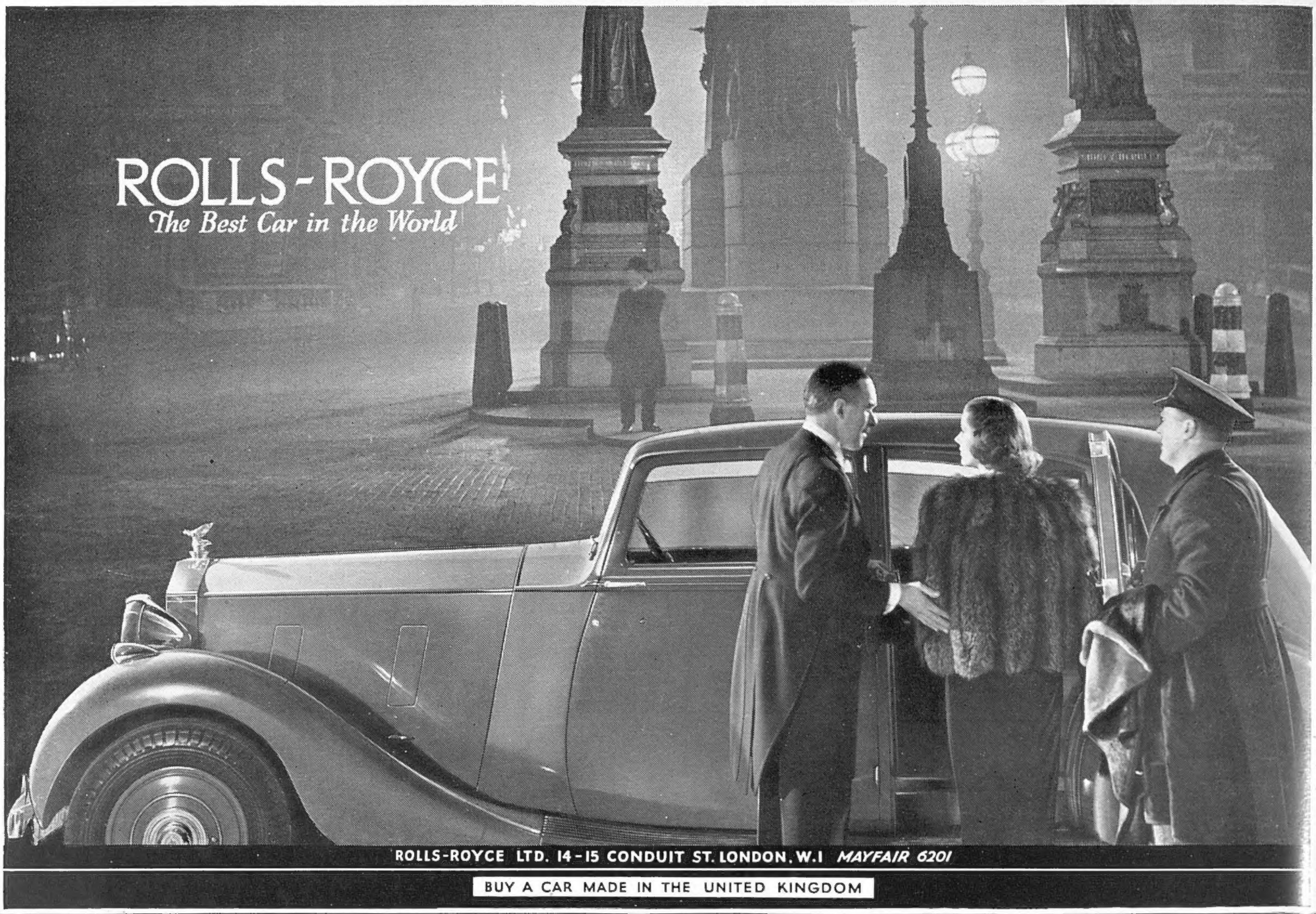

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCXIX.

MY CONTRACT LESSON.

I HAVE been away fishing—not catching fish, you understand; just fishing. But even if I caught no fish, which, after all, is of secondary importance when you go fishing, I did have the opportunity of getting demonstrable proof of the soundness of one of my pet theories about contract; and that, surely, is most agreeable to the propounder of the theory. I met on this fishing-trip a certain—and very charming—lady, a beginner at bridge, but anxious to learn and improve at the game. I was asked to give a tip or two about the play of the game in general, and although I know I am a fair dud at giving lessons, I said I would do my best. Well, the first thing I discovered was that the little this lady knew about contract was confined to the bidding department. She had learned a bidding system, which is the usual, and in my opinion the wrong, way to start in on the game; she had got an entirely wrong idea of working that system, too—not, however, that that mattered, for, as this lady remarked: "That is how we play it, anyway"—but what did matter was that this following of a system of bidding had crushed card-sense, and turned the bidding for trumps into an entirely mechanical business. I suggested playing a few hands: I did the bidding, and my pupil did the play of the hands. It was at once clear that the lady was possessed of plenty of card-sense when left free to apply it; so, after playing a few hands, we went back to the bidding, and I said: "Forget all you have been told about the bidding; just apply common sense to it, and let that, with the card-sense you put into the play of the cards, be your guide in bidding." And so the bidding became very fairly sound, and I feel sure this lady, in a short time, will be able to hold her own at the card-table.

There you are then: I have always said that the high road to good bridge is to learn how to play the cards first, after which the correct bidding of them will follow automatically. To learn the bidding first, especially if that bidding is artificial or mechanical—it generally is both—is not only the wrong way to learn how to play, but it is actually detrimental and defeats its own end; such methods just deaden card-sense, and if your card-sense is dead, you cannot possibly play the cards; and if you can't play the cards, you will never be anything of a player, even if you are a hundred per cent. good at bidding (which, as a fact, you can't be, unless you apply common- and card-sense and nothing else to it). Give me a partner who is a "terrible" declarer but a fine player of the cards, and we will defeat the finest bidders, but "terrible" players of the cards, pointless. Believe me, the play is the thing—the bidding will look after itself.

Here is the little five-card end game set up last week—

	SPADES—6. DIAMONDS—10, 8, 7, 6. B	
SPADES—10, 4 CLUBS—K, Q, 10.	Y Z	SPADES—3. DIAMONDS—K, Q, 9, 5.
	A SPADES—5. HEARTS—A. CLUBS—A, Kn, 9.	

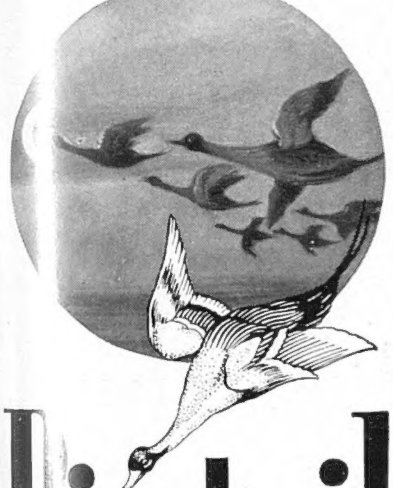
Spades are trumps. A to lead and make two tricks.

Perhaps this might be a more interesting position if the proposition was: "How can YZ hold AB down to winning one trick?" Suppose A leads his trump. Y will duck, and B must take and lead a diamond for YZ to make the rest. If A leads a club, obviously YZ will win four tricks. A, therefore, must lead the ace of hearts. If Y discards a club, B will throw a diamond, and Z trumps and leads the king of diamonds. A throws a club, but trumps the next lead of the diamond queen. A then must make either one trump and the ace of clubs, or one trump and the ten of diamonds. If Y trumps the ace of hearts with the four of spades, B will discard a diamond. Y must now lead a club, which Z ruffs, and leads the king of diamonds; A trumps, and must make two tricks. But if Y ruffs the ace of hearts with the ten and B discards a diamond, Y will lead the four of trumps, putting B in to lead a diamond. This play can be defeated by B throwing his six of trumps under the ten. Y must now lead a club; Z ruffs, and leads the king of diamonds, trumped by A, who makes a club and a trump trick.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPT. 6.

ACROSS.—1. Brass Hat. 5. Geared. 9. Withered. 10. Chopin. 12. Round-Hand. 14. Mined. 15. Vie. 16. Risen. 22. Cramp. 23. Cobalt. 25. Eft. 28. Evian. 29. Inspector. 32. Menial. 33. Remarked. 34. Dilute. 35. Tendered.

DOWN.—1. Beware. 2. Artful. 3. Steed. 4. Arena. 6. Ephemeral. 7. Ripeness. 8. Ding-Dong. 11. Adverb. 13. Hen. 17. Repentant. 18. Arctic. 20. Screamed. 21. Rational. 24. Asp. 26. Stoker. 27. Trader. 30. Sieve. 31. Eland.



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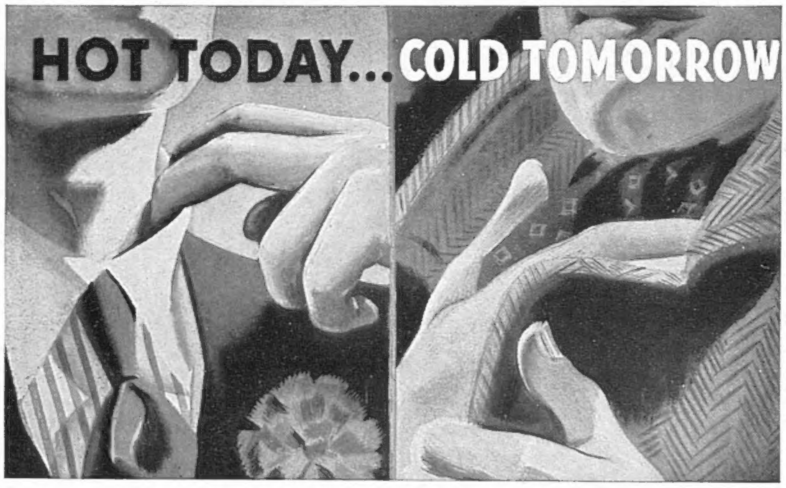

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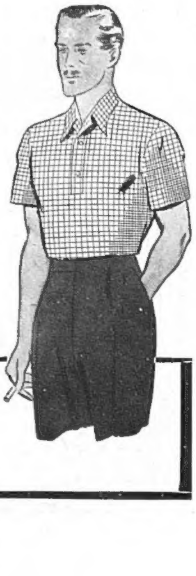

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(See page 478)

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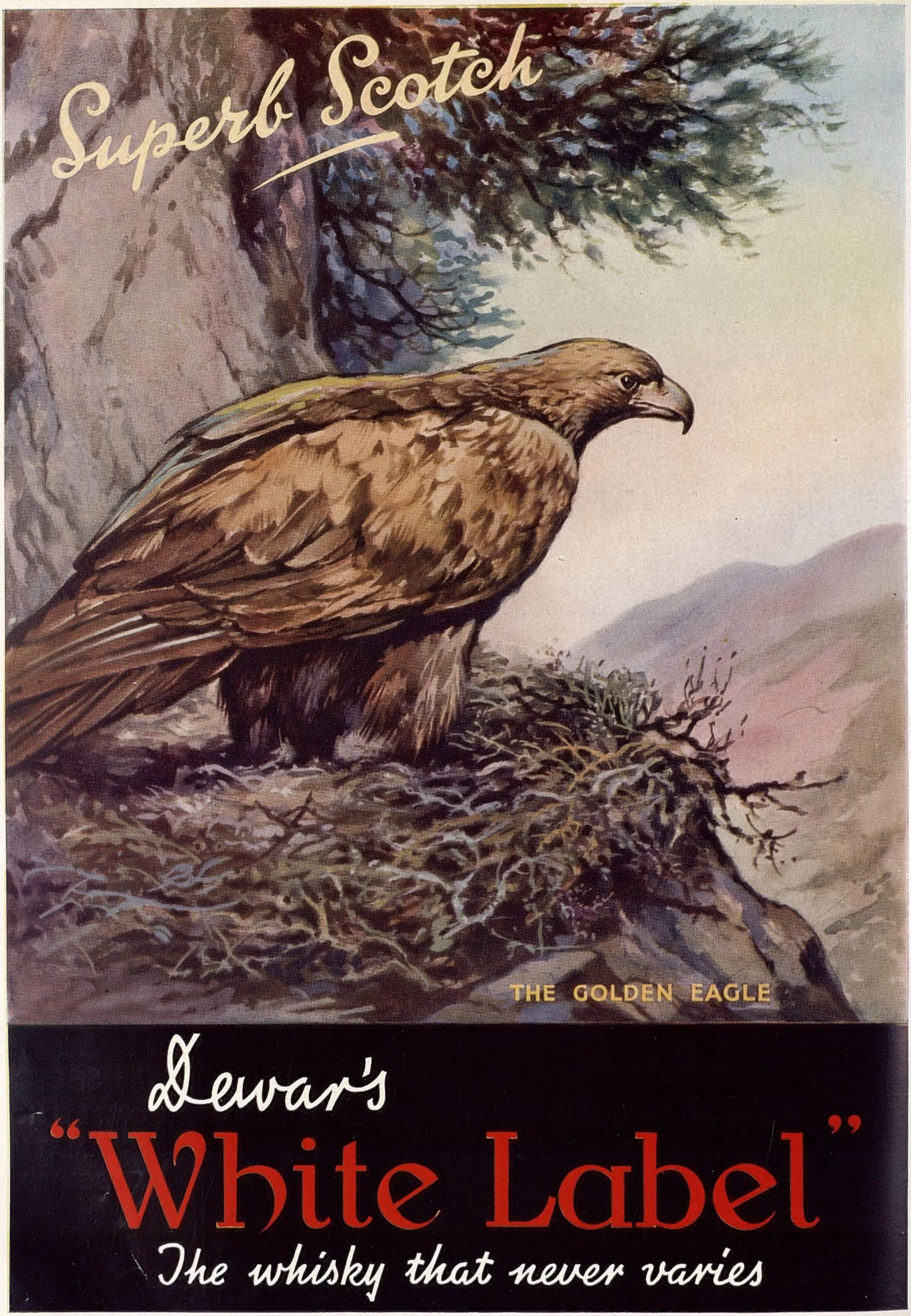
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